

THE DICKENSIAN

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WHEN FOUND—

Centenary of The Carol. The December meeting in London celebrated the centenary of *A Christmas Carol*, published "a few days before Christmas," 1843. After a short historical introduction by the most genial of chairmen, Mr. T. W. Hill, Mr. J. H. McNulty, in a thoughtful and eloquent paper, dealt with the lessons Dickens was trying to inculcate in the famous story. He was followed by Mrs. Bacon, whose theme was the women, particularly Mrs. Fezziwig with her vast substantial smile; Mrs. Cratchit in her twice-turned gown—not forgetting Scrooge's sweetheart, and the plump sister in the lace tucker; effectually disproving the statement sometimes made that Dickens could not delineate a woman. The meeting, which was packed, concluded with a recitation of the *Carol* by Mr. Frank S. Johnson, who successfully compressed the whole story into the forty minutes allotted to him.

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World Wide. This Centenary had world-wide recognition. President Roosevelt read it—as is his custom, to his family on Christmas Eve; Lionel Barrymore, also in accordance with custom, broadcast his version of it over the American system. The forty-minute dramatisation of the *Carol* broadcast from London on Christmas Eve, with Philip Wade as Scrooge, was the best of the several I have heard, and must have sent many to read the book. But some die-hards were not pleased, expressing disappointment at the compression of the story. That was inevitable. Even Dickens, in the version he prepared for his Readings, took just under two hours. Others have complained at the introduction of a Mr. Middlemark; but surely it was permissible to give a name to a character which Dickens had left nameless. The B.B.C. were evidently using J. C. Buckstone's version of the story, played for so many years by Sir Seymour Hicks. In this adaptation Mr. Middlemark is the name given to one of the two unnamed benevolent gentlemen who called on Scrooge for a donation. Although Mr. J. B. Priestley's "New Judgment," broadcast on December 23rd, and which we print on another page, did not confine itself to the *Carol*, there was a decidedly Christmas air about the opening of it. This "Feature programme," as it is called, was later re-broadcast in the African, North American Pacific and Eastern programmes. The B.B.C. is congratulated on the way they paid tribute to Dickens this Christmas.

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In the Press. In spite of the great reduction in the size of newspapers and other periodicals there was hardly one that did not make some reference to the occasion. The more important articles are recorded in our usual "Dickensiana"; but these by no means exhaust the references to this immortal story; we have not included every mention in the many personal columns of the press.

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Public Performances. The *Carol* has always been a great favourite with the reciter and actor; it was natural that this year they should "come out strong." Pride of place of the many recitals of the *Carol* this Christmas must be given to Mr. G. A. Skaife, the headmaster of the York Minster Choir School, who gave his boys

his forty-first consecutive annual reading, at which the Dean presided. At King Charles's School, Tunbridge Wells, Mr. C. Clark read the story for the twenty-second year in succession. At Derker Church, Oldham, the Rev. Henry Ironmonger recited the *Carol* for the twenty-sixth Christmas, his first being to the troops in 1917. Mr. Frank Johnson probably created a record this year with recitals at ten different places. Among other *Carol* recitals this December noticed in the press, we find record of one by the veteran John Duxbury at Richmond, and others by the Rev. F. H. Amphlett Micklewright at Cross Street Chapel, Manchester; Edward French at Chester and Huddersfield; W. Batstone at the Central Brotherhood, Cheltenham; Rev. George A. Parkinson at Batley; A. Corbett-Smith at Herne Bay; Percival Steeds at Glasgow; Rev. W. E. Fielding at Trinity Methodist Church, Stockport; Rev. E. Sheppard at Elland, Yorkshire; Rev. A. Harrington at Paignton; L. W. M'rae at Kilmarnock; Miss Winifred Unwin at Sheffield; Mr. Wilson Nicholson at Widnes; Rev. D. L. Williams at the Congregational Hall, Ramsgate; and Mrs. Blundell at the Worthing Townswomen's Guild. Dramatic representations, mostly in aid of war charities, were given by the children of Folkton (Yorkshire); by local talent at Ramsgate; by E. Batstone and his players at Cheltenham; the Red-hill Drama Group; Women's Institute at Sevenoaks (all women cast).

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World's Best Seller. Dean Mott, head of the University of Missouri School of Journalism and said to be an authority on "best sellers" estimates that more than two million copies of the *Carol* have been sold in America alone since its first publication. He states that over a million copies of each of nine other Dickens novels have been sold, and that the sales of seven others have passed the half-million mark. He described Dickens as "the best-selling author in the history of American publishing." That is good news from the U.S.A. We have never had any doubt about it being so on this side of the Atlantic.

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A special exhibit at the Worthing Central Library during Christmas week was a copy of the first edition of the *Carol*.

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A bundle of £50 in Treasury notes was left at the Bristol office of the National Institute for the Blind, accompanied by the simple words "From Scrooge."

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Almost Forgotten. There was in December one centenary of a writer dear to every Dickensian's heart, which passed by almost unnoticed. In the Christmas number of "Punch" for 1843 appeared Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt," a poem that appealed strongly to an age that did not hide its feelings, an age when tears were less restrained than now. Its opening lines must have appealed most strongly to Dickens:

"With fingers weary and worn,	Stitch, stitch, stitch,
With eyelids heavy and red,	In poverty, hunger and dirt,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,	And still with a voice of a dolorous pitch,
Plying her needle and thread.	She sang the song of the shirt."

Hood had a tender appreciation of Dickens's work,* gratefully acknowledged in the special preface written in 1845 for the Cheap Edition of *The Old Curiosity Shop*; but unfortunately we can find no record of Dickens's opinion of Hood's fine poem about women's slavery in a

* Hood's review of "Master Humphrey's Clock and Little Nell" was reprinted in *The Dickensian*, 1919, pp. 229, 271.

sweated industry. It is right for us to pause in our own celebration of the *Carol* centenary to pay a willing tribute to Hood.

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Literary In-Digest. It is not easy, being a novelist, to be also the great-grand-daughter of a great novelist; yet Miss Monica

Dickens has shown she can stand perfectly well on her one pair of feet, and write equally effectively with her one pair of hands. Miss Dickens has our sympathy. At a luncheon shortly before Christmas, where she was the principal guest, the Chairman, Mr. Clifford Bax, must needs sneer at her "famous ancestor." After partaking of the good fare provided, he said he had not enjoyed Dickens's works because he liked more subtlety than he found therein, and that he had "perhaps some sense that the spiritual world is at least as real as the world of beefsteak and porter." Might I venture to prescribe Bicarbonate of Magnesia?

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The Cure. What exactly did Mr. Clifford Bax mean? Dickens's method of writing was certainly more direct than metaphysical, but then it was his art to leave his readers to supply the subtlety themselves. Mr. Bax should re-read the preface to *A Christmas Carol*, and then the first two paragraphs of the twenty-eighth chapter of *The Pickwick Papers*.

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Unashamed. Another novelist to pay tribute to Dickens this Christmas was Mr. L. A. G. Strong. In addition to an appreciative article on the *Carol* in "John O'London's Weekly," he spoke at the Shakespeare Club, Stratford-upon-Avon. Here, in the course of a lecture on the Immortal Bard, he said Shakespeare was the measuring rod because his work was the stuff of human experience. "Shakespeare dared to face the total chaos of the universe, and took all mankind and all creation for his subject matter. But even in the theatre, in Shakespeare's day, a limit was felt, and the man who felt it was Ben Jonson." Mr. Strong then went on to declare himself as "an unashamed Dickensian," and expressed the opinion that Dickens derived more from Ben Jonson than from Shakespeare, a statement we should like to hear discussed.

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Circumlocution still rolling merrily. The Town Clerk of Southgate, Mr. Gordon Taylor, in the course of his duties in the Courts recently, was moved to back his protest against the continued use of jargon in modern legal documents by saying that it would "delight the heart of a Charles Dickens." The document, a recent product of the Ministry of Health, was:

Whereas the premises wherewith particulars are set out on the schedule hereto attached are in possession of the Ministry of Health by virtue of Regulation 51 of the Defence (General) Regulations, 1939, and the council of the Borough of Southgate are, under authority of the Minister, using the said premises for the purpose authorized by the said regulation: now therefore the Minister being of opinion that it is expedient in connexion with such use of the said premises so to do, hereby authorizes the council to do in relation to the said premises, all such acts, including taking of any legal proceedings, as a person having an interest in the premises by virtue of which he is immediately entitled to possession thereof would, by virtue of that interest, be entitled to do for the purpose of securing the removal from the said premises of persons not entitled to occupy the same.

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The Law protests. It was good also to hear that the Judge (Mr. Gordon Alchin) commented on it as "What a rigmarole," saying that all the words after "now therefore" in line seven could be well dispensed with and substituted by the simple

words "Authorised proceedings for the recovery of the premises." The B.B.C. thought sufficiently well of the incident to report the matter in its six o'clock news bulletin. Yet, we suppose, in spite of the ridicule and protests of the lawyers, similar jargon will continue to be inserted in future acts of Parliament, and all the by-products of them fabricated in the ever increasing number of Ministries.

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Reforms in waiting. There is still much to be done to complete the reforms advocated by Dickens. The recent activities of the

Lord's Day Observance Society in their strenuous opposition to the Sunday opening of theatres, reminds us that more than one hundred years ago Dickens printed a pamphlet, *Sunday Under Three Heads*, showing the Sabbath as it was, as the threatened act of Parliament would make it, and as it might be made. Dickens did not live to see the parks thrown open for healthy games on Sunday, nor the opening of museums and picture-galleries, such as he then advocated. Those are only comparatively recent reforms. He did not visualise then the need of the growing population for other means of rational relaxation on a Sunday; but his concluding words are as true now as they were when written. "Let those who have six days in the week for all the world's pleasures, appropriate the seventh to fasting and gloom, either for their own sins or those of other people, if they like to bewail them; but let those who employ their six days in a worthier manner, devote their seventh to a different purpose. Let divines set the example of true morality; preach it to their flocks in the morning, and dismiss them to enjoy true rest in the afternoon; and let them select for their text, and let Sunday legislators take for their motto '... The Sabbath was made for man, and not man to serve the Sabbath.'"

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"Take the roof tops off." "The Brains Trust" had a Dickens question put before it at its last meeting in 1943. "If Dickens were alive to-day, what reform would he be most strenuously advocating?" All members were agreed on one of

them: the housing and general welfare of the great mass of the people. We hope our Branches are profiting by Miss Bradby's spirited appeal in our Autumn Number to obey Dickens's command to "Take the house-tops off," and are doing their share in bringing this much needed housing reform before the authorities concerned.

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Realism. "John O'London's Weekly" has lately been conducting a symposium, "Voices from the Workshops," commenting principally on the small number of books about factory life. One of the letters contains this interesting passage: "Workmen read Dickens in my Victorian days, and many of his characters passed into our everyday language, and a little badinage and labelling from his writings was more effective than many Acts of Parliament. His experiences in the Blacking works had burnt into his soul."

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Empire Dickens. George Nisbet & Co., Ltd., of Glasgow, the owners of the "Empire Line," have given Dickensian names to several of their new ships; and in turn, some of these ships, under the auspices of The British Ship Adoption Society, have been adopted by schools. We have accordingly much pleasure in recording that s.s. "Empire Copperfield" has been adopted by the Chingford County High School, and the s.s. "Empire Pickwick" by the Victoria Drive Senior Secondary School, Glasgow. Good Luck to Ships and Schools!

Guying the Victorians. This Christmas was published a very interesting volume entitled "Late Joys," dealing with the London supper clubs of long ago. The "Times Literary Supplement" rightfully condemned the publisher's label "Guying the Victorians," saying "That our renewed delight in an old fashion should be mixed with ridicule of the very cause of our present joy seems more than a little strange. We find ourselves laughing at the love of song even while we ourselves are singing. Our turn will assuredly come to be gayed."

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Dickens's Manuscripts. "The Scotsman" is usually so very well informed about Dickens (as of most other things) that it was strange to find the writer of the "Scotsman's Log" recently deploring the fact that "considering the scope of his work, very few Dickens manuscripts are extant and that the fate of those that are lost has been a puzzle to the literary world." The fact is, as all readers of *The Dickensian* must know, and as the present writer wrote to inform "The Scotsman," that very little of the manuscript of the novels is missing; *Pickwick* is unfortunately represented by only 44 pages; *Oliver Twist* by Chapters 12 to 43, and *Nicholas Nickleby* by six chapters. The manuscripts of all the other novels are complete and mostly in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. A correction by the editor of *The Dickensian* was printed in the "Scotsman" a few days later.

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The Drood Manuscript. Last year Mr. John Y. Watt presented to the Dickens House a transcript of the manuscript of *Edwin Drood*, to which he has appended many original annotations. A copy has lately been accepted by the Victoria and Albert Museum. He has dedicated it to the memory of Percy T. Carden with whom he had an extensive correspondence in connection with the annotations. Another copy has been accepted by the Harvard University Library. Dickens's original manuscript has, with the other manuscripts at South Kensington, been removed to a place of safety until the end of the war; but Mr. Watt's transcript and notes are available to students.

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This Birthday—and the Next. The success of the resumed Birthday Festival in London exceeded even the most sanguine expectations; nearly one hundred and fifty guests sat down to luncheon. Mr. J. H. McNulty's eloquent speech to the Immortal Memory following the luncheon is printed on another page. The President wrote regretting his absence in the Outer Hebrides, and expressed belief that next February we should all meet again at dinner as in former days. "It will then be my proud privilege," continued Mr. Mackenzie, "to address you all in person . . . and in celebrating the birthday of Dickens, to celebrate at the same time the immortal vigour, endurance, and cheerfulness of the British race of which he himself is so perfect a type."

A cable of hearty greeting was read from the Vancouver Branch. We were particularly glad to meet our old friend, Mr. Percy Merriman, who again delighted us with some excellent character sketches. Mr. Merriman first entertained the Dickens Fellowship so long ago as 1904; he was one of the original members of the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society. In the Army out East in 1915 he helped to found the famous concert party, "The Roosters," and thenceforth we saw little of him; but he never really deserted us, although unfortunately his personal appearances amongst us were rare.

WALTER DEXTER.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THESE

(From *David Copperfield*)

"Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain." Ch. 2.

Mrs. Grayper with whom David's mother was "going to stay a fortnight" and who was "going to have a lot of company." Ch. 2.

Joe Peggotty, and Tom, father of Em'ly, both "drowndead." Ch. 3.

Mr. Gummidge, Peggotty's "partner in a boat who had died very poor" "Told 'un" of whom his widow was always thinking. Ch. 3.

Mr. Topsawyer, who "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it and fell dead." Ch. 5.

The "aged pairint and a lovely sister" supported by the Friendly Waiter. Ch. 5.

Mrs. Micawber's mama, who "departed this life before Mr. Micawber's difficulties commenced." Ch. 12.

Mrs. Micawber's papa, who "lived to bail Mr. Micawber several times, and then expired, regretted by a numerous circle." Ch. 12.

Mr. Dick's "favourite sister, a good creature and very kind to him." Ch. 14.

Uriah Heep's father, "a partaker of glory at present . . . whose former calling was umble. He was a sexton." Ch. 16.

The "poor lunatic gentleman" who lived at the Rookery after the Copperfields, who was "always sitting at my little window, looking out into the churchyard." Ch. 22.

Lady Mitthers, a client of Miss Mowcher, "how she wears, and Mitthers himself . . . how he wears; and his wig too, for he's had it these ten years." Ch. 22.

The Russian Prince, scraps of whose nails Miss Mowcher kept in her bag; "Twice a week; fingers and toes . . . Pays as he speaks, dear, through the nose." Ch. 22.

Charley Pygrave, "the duke's son. You know Charley? . . . What a man *he* is. There's a whisker! As to Charley's

legs, if they were only a pair (which they ain't) they'd defy competition." Ch. 22.

Mrs. Henry Spiker's brother, whose place at Waterbrook's table was taken by Traddles "in consequence of his indisposition. A very gentlemanly man, Mr. Copperfield." Ch. 25.

"K," who "positively refused to sign. He was attended at Newmarket for that purpose, and he point-blank refused to do it." Ch. 25.

The "fourth of a clerk . . . half a crown a week he costs me," shared by Traddles and three others in chambers. Ch. 27.

Traddle's uncle, whose "gout unfortunately flew to his stomach . . . he died soon after I left school . . . retired draper-cloth merchant—and had made me his heir. But he didn't like me when I grew up . . . so he married his housekeeper." Ch. 27.

The Rev. Horace Crewler, the "curate . . . down in Devonshire, whose daughter, one of ten, Traddles married." Ch. 27.

The "washerwoman who exposes hard-bake for sale in her parlour window, living next door" to the Micawbers in Camden Town. Ch. 27.

The "Bow Street Officer residing over the way" whose "society is a source of consolation to myself and Mrs. Micawber." Ch. 27.

The "Minion of Power—in other words . . . a ribald turncock attached to the water-works," with whom Mr. Micawber had had "a recent collision." Ch. 28.

"A certain Mr. Pidger, who played short whist and was supposed to have been enamoured of" Miss Lavinia; "cut short in his youth (at about sixty) by overdrinking his constitution, and over-doing an attempt to set it right again by swilling Bath water." Ch. 41.

Mrs. Kidgerbury, "the oldest inhabitant of Kentish Town," who "went out charing, but was too feeble to execute her conceptions of that art." Ch. 44.

The second Mrs. Murdstone, "a charming woman indeed," whose "spirit has been entirely broken since her marriage, and . . . is all but melancholy mad." Ch. 59.

ONE OF THE FIRST

Lord Southwood (who when Mr. J. S. Elias was a member of the first Council of the Dickens Fellowship over forty-one years ago) has presented to London the whole of the magnificent collection of London books formerly in the library of the late John Burns.

NEW JUDGMENT

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

The outstanding Dickens event of Christmas week was a broadcast by Mr. J. B. Priestley in the series "New Judgment." It was presented as a "Feature Programme," that is to say, with representative people asking questions of the speaker, and interspersed with cameos from the novels dramatised to lend point to the argument. By kind permission of Mr. Priestley and the B.B.C. we are able to put on permanent record most of the new judgment of Mr. Priestley in the following extracts. After recalling the hard boyhood of Dickens, those formative years which worked together to make him what he was, Mr. Priestley continued:

THESE long, wandering, crowded novels of his were not, at a quick first glance, very different from much other fiction of the period, written by Lever, Samuel Warren, Albert Smith, Henry Cockburn, and others. It was the *picaresque* fiction of the eighteenth century brought into the nineteenth century, with some pretty bad melodrama added, and also some genuine observation. That was the type. But, of course, the Dickens novels soared far above the type. What made them different was not their attack on certain social abuses—for that too was fairly common in the period—nor their crowds of eccentric characters, but their author's fiery fountain of creative energy, which gave a kind of life to the very furniture and door-knockers. And that energy served an intensely personal vision of the world, which had something strangely childlike about it, both in its enchanting high spirits and its sense of something dark, sinister and inexplicable in life. This world of his, though crowded with familiar things—for Dickens was a close and accurate observer and had a phenomenal memory—seemed to belong to some giant fairy-tale, some strange folk-myth; now it was dark and touched with a menacing magic, now bright with pity and kindness, now radiant with glorious fun. The gigantic drolls we find in this world never seem to us to be human beings, yet they move and live with a colossal vitality of their own. Merely to call them caricatures is to confuse them with characters on a much lower level of creation. They are wonderful unique monsters. Only Dickens could keep them going at full speed; but we have all assisted at the creation of such characters, for we have only to remember our childhood and think of the fantastic adults we knew then—the comic friend of the family, the peculiar milkman, the astonishing greengrocer, to discover the outline of Dickens's characters. Most of us have rolled about the hearthrug laughing at people who were family jokes and were also Dickens comic characters in embryo. It's this childlike vision that gives those drolls and the situations they find themselves in, a kind of poetry of absurdity.

What was Dickens really like? A mixture, like most of us. But much more of a mixture. He could be wonderfully kind and generous, but he could also be very hard, sometimes downright cruel. He loved scenes of happy innocence and yet was fascinated and haunted by crime, murders, executions. He praised the domestic virtues but found it hard to practice them. He was the kind of husband and father who one night seems to his family a glorious, godlike enchanter, and the next night seems a gloomy, terrifying tyrant. Having lived abroad a good deal, he understood perhaps better than any other Victorian writer the absurdly narrow outlook of Victorian England, and yet he himself shewed no interest in art and music, in philosophy and religion, in almost all the manifestations of European culture and religion. And—as a last contradiction, although we think of him, with Tennyson, as the representative Victorian in literature, yet the fact remains that he became the most savagely hostile critic of Victorian society and probably the most violent rebel it produced.

I am thinking now about his later novels, which, by the way, have been shrewdly analysed recently by Edmund Wilson, the American critic. He begins by pointing out that by the time Dickens had reached *Dombey and Son*, "he had already begun an indictment against a specific society; the self-important and moralising middle-class who had been making such rapid progress in England and coming down like a damper on the bright fires of English life—that is, on the spontaneity and gaiety, the frankness and independence, the instinctive human virtues which Dickens admired and trusted."

In the later books, the old happy improvisations no longer worked, and you can see him labouring often rather grimly to produce the typical Dickens characters and situations, and to fulfil his contract with his immense public, so to speak, as a family entertainer. It wasn't just because he was tired, because his easy improvisation began to fail him, because he was influenced by his young friend Wilkie Collins to try his hand at elaborate plots, that his work changed. There was something in him—a deep-rooted dislike—that had to come out. So he stopped turning his early memories of Regency England into long rambling yarns that were a mixture of melodrama and humorous fairy-tales, and began to write highly organised fiction of a new kind, which made use of symbolic figures and situations, and in which society itself was the chief character.

He began with the thick fog of *Bleak House*, which is perhaps his most representative novel. Notice how elaborately inter-dependent all the people and their destinies are, and how Victorian institutions, Victorian diettantism, philanthropy, evangelical religion, are as bitterly burlesqued as the various lawyers and their clerks, as the Skimpoles and Turveydrops, the Jellybys and the Chadbands. Keep an eye this time on the social criticism. After *Bleak House* came *Hard Times*, a more obvious piece of social criticism and satire, but less penetrative than the longer later novels, and not very well informed. Next came *Little Dorrit*, which is all about a family going in and coming out of prison, but which in effect shows everybody in a prison of some sort, including the whole population of Britain imprisoned in its monstrous shuttered sad Sunday. In spite of some gloriously funny political satire—of the Barnacles and their kind—it's a profoundly disillusioned novel—with, here and there, especially with its women, some surprising and very searching psychological analysis.

A livelier and no less bitter fable is *Great Expectations*. The great expectations of Pip and Estella symbolise Victorian optimism. They think that wealth will come to them from Miss Havisham, a figure of the leisured upper class, but she crumbles like the mummy she is, and with her, their expectations. The wealth comes from the despised though terrifying Magwitch, from the underworld, from sweat and toil, crime and misery, and it is offered with a wistful affection that is rejected. And the proud Estella is actually the daughter of Magwitch and a woman who was tried for murder; and as the novel was originally written Pip and Estella, who married a lout for his money, only saw each other once again, a true ending to what is undoubtedly a tragic tale. Finally, in *Our Mutual Friend*, you have Dickens clearly presenting the society of the Sixties, when the novel was written. The people move around the vast dust-pile which produces the wealth they covet, and we are made to feel that this dust-pile is higher than the dome of St. Paul's, that it towers above the whole city, whose restless dubious folk build and calculate and intrigue in its deep dusty shadow. It was the time of rapid but doubtful development, which is sharply symbolised by the Veneerings and their circle. It is here we meet that quintessence of everything Dickens had come to dislike in English upper-middle class—Mr. Podsnap.

By this time most of Dickens's waning energy was spent, not in writing, but in giving highly dramatic public readings of his works. With a large family to provide for, no doubt he felt he needed the money these readings brought him, but I do not believe this was the real reason he gave these performances. The real reason was that they satisfied the actor in him, gave him a sense of power he could not feel in the study, temporarily relieved his terrible restlessness and feeling of frustration, and enabled him to play in the full glare of public gaslight, those comic monsters and desperate criminals that were his retort to the callous world. He was warned over and over again, that these performances were draining his life away. In 1867 he went to America again, a weary, prematurely aged man, very different from the handsome lively young man who had arrived there twenty-six years before. When he came back home he began to give readings of the horrific murder scene in *Oliver Twist*, which immediately doubled the strain. Compelled to retire, he began his last story, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, in which he probably introduced an elaborate ritual murder into a quiet cathedral city. In June, 1870, he had a seizure and was carried to bed. Early next morning his breathing became fainter—he gave a deep sigh, a tear slowly trickled down his cheek—and the greatest humorist of the English-speaking world was dead.

Out of the deep wound of his childhood, out of the divisions in his soul, where the criminal, the rebel, the saint, and the bewildered child kept uneasy company, his unsparing energy produced work that has enchanted generations of men in every part of the world.

I will leave the last word on him to an outside witness, the Spanish-American philosopher Santayana:

"It is remarkable, in spite of his ardent simplicity and openness of heart, how insensible Dickens was to the greater themes of the human imagination—religion, science, politics, art. He was a waif himself, and utterly disinherited. . . . But having humility, the most liberating of sentiments, having a true vision of human existence and joy in that vision, Dickens had in a superlative degree the gift of humour, of mimicry, of unrestrained farce. He was the perfect comedian. When people say Dickens exaggerates it seems to me they have no eyes and no ears. . . . I think Dickens is one of the best friends mankind ever had. . . . In every English-speaking home, parents and children will do well to read Dickens aloud of a winter's evening; they will love winter, and one another, and God the better for it. What a wreath that will be of ever fresh holly, thick with bright berries, to hang to this poet's memory—the very crown he would have chosen."

WHERE FOUND?

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|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. D.N.F. | 19. Biler. | 36. Boxer. |
| 2. Nemo. | 20. Topper. | 37. Tickler. |
| 3. Altro. | 21. The Bower. | 38. Bull's Eye. |
| 4. The Aged. | 22. Fibbitson. | 39. Patriarch. |
| 5. It's a boy. | 23. Little Britain. | 40. Little Swills. |
| 6. The Growlery. | 24. Feeder, B.A. | 41. Wiglomeration. |
| 7. Greenleaf. | 25. Joe Specks. | 42. Crockfords. |
| 8. Burgess & Co. | 26. Lovely Peg. | 43. Mr. Grazinglands. |
| 9. Friendly Move. | 27. Ticket Porter. | 44. Dead donkey. |
| 10. Brother Tadger. | 28. Cautious Clara. | 45. St Ghastly Grim. |
| 11. Queer Client. | 29. Hamlet's Aunt. | 46. Cag-maggerth. |
| 12. Resurrection Man. | 30. United Bulldogs. | 47. Sophronia Sphynx. |
| 13. Captain Swing. | 31. Hanging Sword Alley. | 48. Indignation Coker. |
| 14. Mendicant's bride. | 32. Early Purl House. | 49. Spontaneous Combustion. |
| 15. Noble Refrigerator. | 33. Timour the Tartar. | 50. Knight of the Simple Heart. |
| 16. Conkey Chickweed. | 34. Allonging and Marchoning. | |
| 17. Watertoast Association. | 35. Facts. | |
| 18. Dial. | | |

(Answers will be given in the next number.)

SMALL FRY FOLK

TRIBUTES TO SOME OF THE LESS FAMOUS

BY GRANVILLE GARLEY

MISS WISK

How very many characters have interests and ideas which are current to-day. Mrs. Waterbrook's weakness for Blood, Slackbridge's appeals to the cotton operatives, Mrs. Leo Hunter's fondness for assembling personalities; these are not out-of-moded things, they are still with us. So is Miss Wisk, through her counterparts of 1944, to whom the only matter of practical importance in the world is "the emancipation of Woman from the thralldom of her Tyrant, Man."

Apart from her intellectual eminence, Miss Wisk must have been possessed of considerable personal charm. How, otherwise, could she have captivated the heart of the ecstatic Mr. Quale, with his vast experience of noble women? Even his pure affection could not cause a modification of her views on the subject of the Tyrant, Man.

She must have been one of the first to believe in careers for women and to realise "that the idea of woman's mission lying chiefly in the narrow sphere of Home was an outrageous slander." Living to-day she would have found a good deal of gratifying sympathy for those ideals for which she fought. "That woman's mission is man's mission" is now generally accepted as true.

She has lost much from living before her proper time. She would have made a splendid recruit for the ranks of the suffragettes. Chained to those same railings that trapped Peepy Jellyby's precious head, she would have become a figure of national significance. Her devotion to her mission in life would have so impressed male opponents that her aspirations might easily have been granted sooner than was actually the case.

A woman to be remembered, Miss Wisk; not perhaps with affection, but with respectful admiration. The achievements of Mrs. Pardiggle with her mites, and Mrs. Jellyby with her natives on the Niger dwindle and fade beside the inspired cause of this "young—at least, an unmarried lady."

THE PUPPETS AT GENOA

WE all have favourite passages, even in our favourite books; those parts that are a particular joy to read over and over again; the oldest and most familiar of our old friends. Personally I always await with some eagerness the friendly move between Mr. Venus and Mr. Wegg, the efforts of Dick Swiveller and the Brasses to arouse their lodger from his bed, Town and Todgers's, and Trabb's boy. When I turn to *Pictures from Italy* I am happiest at Genoa when the Theatre of Puppets is reached.

The wooden dolls may not be human, but they are infused with sufficient life and drollery to outlast most humans. They are more memorable than Sir Mulberry Hawk, Estella, Mrs. Clennam and many another. As. G. K. Chesterton has said, "Few things were racier, even in his raciest novel, than his description of the marionette play."

From these exquisitely ridiculous puppets it is perhaps invidious to single out any for special mention. But I cannot resist recalling with delight the comic man who "has extra joints in his legs, and a practical eye with which he winks at the pit"; and the musician "a creature playing a drum, and knocking himself off his legs at every blow." Yet even these tremendous creations are surpassed in the play called "St. Helena, or the Death of Napoleon."

It is here we encounter the puppet representing Napoleon reading a book "his body bending over the volume like a bootjack and his sentimental eye glaring obstinately into the pit," and Doctor Antommarchi, "who, in consequence of some derangement of his wires, hovered about the couch like a vulture, and gave medical opinions in the air." These are beyond praise; to borrow from Lewis Carroll, they are "as large as life, and twice as natural."

Lovers of this book of "faint reflections—mere shadows in the water" can never hear or read of Napoleon again without a smile and a memory of the famous company of marionetti. May other dictators suffer a like fate at the hands of another Dickens!

NOTES ON BLEAK HOUSE

BY T. W. HILL

(Continued from page 44)

CHAPTER IX

1. **A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GOT.** This pithy saying is to be found in "The Sweet-scented Miser," by William Somerville (1677-1742).

2. **DINNER PUT BACK.** A homely expression for delaying or postponing the conclusion of the cookery and generally accepted in that sense, although, of course, the dinner is actually put forward, *e.g.* from one o'clock to one-thirty.

3. **BLANK CANNONS.** That is cannon without shot; before the introduction of blank shells.

4. **PHENOMENON.** A phenomenon is properly anything that can be observed and is always used in this sense by scientific people. Its figurative use as a description of a prodigy or something outstanding is often met with, and it is probably owing to Dickens's fondness of this application of the word that it has become so common as almost to lose its correct meaning.

5. **IVORY BALLS.** These marvels of ingenious carving (from China) are now seldom seen except in museums and such places. They consist of an ivory ball about six inches in diameter and pierced with five or six holes through which could be seen a series of successively smaller balls concentrically arranged one within another; the interior balls had been carved from the outside through the holes mentioned.

6. **BEAR'S GREASE.** A favourite medium for the pomatum at one time much used as a dressing for the hair; generally scented with musk.

7. **WITHOUT PREJUDICE.** A legal phrase implying that neither side shall take advantage of the other in any subsequent action. Hence Mr. Guppy's insistence on it. Actually the phrase has neither power nor effect.

8. **OLD STREET ROAD.** Now merged into Old Street, of which it formed the eastern part.

9. **WHYTORSSELLER.** Mr. Guppy's pronunciation of "White Horse Cellar," mentioned in Kenge and Carboy's letter to Esther (see Chapter III).

CHAPTER X

1. **COOK'S COURT.** Took's Court, Cursiter Street, Chancery Lane. No doubt Dickens altered the initial letter for the sake of the alliteration.

2. **POUNCE.** Fine powdered pumice used to be rubbed on the parchment to render it more suitable for writing upon. The list given of Snagsby's stock-in-trade is nearly as complete as a tradesman's stock sheet, and is a remarkable example of Dickens's retentive memory of his early days in a solicitor's office.

3. **GREEN FERRET.** Ferret is a narrow tape of cotton or silk used on legal documents. It was generally purchased wound round a piece of flat thick cardboard with green ends to match the colour of the ferret. It is mentioned by J. and H. Smith in "Rejected Addresses" (1812):

"Red wax and green ferret
Are fixed at the foot of the deeds."

The brothers Smith were the sons of a solicitor.

4. **PENKNIVES.** Pocket knives having two or three blades, one of which was originally intended for making pens from goose- or swan-quill feathers; in the cutlery trade a pocket-knife has only one blade, or sometimes two.

5. **SANGUINE COCK.** A bird that hopes in the purlieus of Cook's Court that dawn is breaking. Cock-crow is in demonology the signal for ghosts to disappear.

6. **GUSTER.** The Snagsbys' servant-girl, as a pauper child, had been "farmed or contracted for" by "a benefactor (!) of his species" at Tooting. This was not the first time that Dickens had attacked the child-farming system; three scathing articles from his pen had appeared previously (January to April, 1849) in the *Examiner*. These articles are reprinted in *Miscellaneous Papers*.

7. **RAPHAEL AND TITIAN.** Raffaele Santi (1483-1520) and Titiano Vecellio (1427-1576).

8. **STAPLE INN.** In Holborn. Formerly one of the Inns of Chancery,

now occupied by offices and chambers. The derivation of the name is obscure (Harben). See Chapter IV, note 5.

9. ROLLS YARD. Got its name from the Rolls Office, where the Records (originally on rolls, before sheets were used) of the Court of Chancery were kept, until the Record Office was built in 1856 and Rolls Yard was incorporated in the building.

10. TURNSTILE. The name survives. Great and Little Turnstile gave access for foot passengers to Lincoln's Inn Fields, while preventing the straying of the sheep which grazed in the Fields.

11. HORSE-HAIR CHAIRS. Now fortunately almost unknown except in very old-fashioned houses and offices. Horse-hair seats were very durable, but in course of time became extremely unpleasant to use as the stiff bristles in the cushion developed a habit of sticking upwards with disconcerting results to persons wearing thin garments.

12. SPECIAL PLEADERS. A distinct branch of law practice. Special pleading had the merit of developing the controversial points of a cause with great preciseness, but constant complaints were made of its strictness and subtlety. The Act of 1852 relaxed and simplified its rules. The phrase has passed into ordinary language to describe a plausible argument designed rather to favour a point of view than to discover the truth.

13. SAND-BOX ETC. The sand-box was a large tin like a flour-dredger from which sand was sprinkled over writing to dry it before the introduction of absorbent blotting paper. The red bit and the black but were of course stub-ends of sealing wax. The two inkstand tops were respectively for the red-ink pot and the black-ink pot.

14. WINDING-SHEET. Properly, of course, one of the cerements of a dead body, but applied also by the superstitious to the guttering of a candle (common before the introduction of improved methods of manufacture), and said to be of ill-omen. See also Chapter XXXII, note 8.

CHAPTER XI

1. DEAD AS PHAIRY. As dead as Pharaoh; a common simile.

2. POT-BOY. A public house employé who cleaned the bar, etc., including the drinking vessels, carried out liquor to customers and collected the empties. (See Chapter V, note 1.)

3. BRANDY BALLS. These delectable sweetmeats are so called from their light-brown semi-translucent colour; it cannot be from their ingredients.

4. WINDSOR CHAIRS. Wooden chairs with shaped seats and upright backs, made at Wycombe. The name Windsor has been given to the pattern since the reign of William and Mary.

5. HALF-BAPTIZING. That is, baptizing privately or without full rites, e.g. in the case of a child in danger of death. Dickens also uses the term in *Sketches by Boz*, II, The Curate: "He got out of bed at half-past twelve o'clock one winter's night to half-baptize a washerwoman's child in a slop-basin"; and in *Oliver Twist*, Ch. II: "The child that was half-baptized, Oliver Twist, is nine year old to-day." Sometimes used in a somewhat derogatory sense for unsophisticated, as one might say half-educated or half-civilized; in *Pickwick Papers*, Ch. XIII, Sam Weller exclaims, with reference to Mr. Pickwick's ignorance of the conduct of elections: "Where *was* you half baptized?"

6. HEMMED-IN CHURCHYARD. The site of this little burial ground near Drury Lane is now a recreation ground. See *Dickensian*, 1929, p. 143; and 1930, pp. 210-211.

CHAPTER XII

1. RUMBLE. The seat at the back of a carriage and over the back axle where the rumble of the wheels is most evident.

2. CENTAURS. In Greek mythology Centaurs (bull-killers) were gigantic, savage, hairy men. In later accounts they became half men and half horses. Dickens uses the term as a compliment, as the riders (grooms) kept their seats with such ease and grace that the rider and the horse seemed to be united in one animal.

3. GIANT DESPAIR. A character in the "Pilgrim's Progress" by John Bunyan (1628-1688).

4. ARIEL HAS PUT A GIRDLE. Dickens has confused Ariel, Prospero's

fairy servant in "The Tempest" with Puck, the fairy servant of Oberon, King of the Fairies, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It is Puck who says: "I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes" (Act II, Scene 1).

5. SAGE-CHEESE. Cheese that has been during the course of manufacture coloured and flavoured with sage. Now almost unknown.

6. MIGHTY HUNTER BEFORE THE LORD. This epithet for a writer of social gossip in the press, always eager and avid for news, is, of course, borrowed from Genesis, X, vs. 8 and 9: "Nimrod . . . was a mighty hunter before the Lord." In Chapter XXV Mrs. Snagsby applies the name to Nemo, evidently by some muddled association in her mind. See also Chapter X.

CHAPTER XIII

1. SURGEONS' HALL. The Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields was built in 1835. It was damaged during an air-raid in 1941.

2. BEHIND OUR FLY. The fly was the carriage hired. The "dreadful row of spikes" was placed over the back axle to prevent mischievous boys from stealing a ride.

3. ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS. These ornaments, under glass shades, were at one time much in fashion. They might be made of wax, silk, wool, paper, or even seashells or felt. But, whatever the material, their principal characteristic was their outstanding artificiality. No one would possibly mistake them for real flowers.

4. HEATHEN WAGGONER. He prayed to the gods that the wheels of his waggon, which had stuck fast in deep mud, might be released. Hercules sternly advised him to put his own shoulder to the wheel before appealing for supernatural assistance. Hence Mr. Jarndyce's advice to trust in Providence and your own efforts and never to separate the two.

CHAPTER XIV

1. HIS LEGS SO CROSSED . . . Most children's legs, if their socks are low, get scratched from time to time, but it could only occur to a man of acute observation to find a similarity in these scratches to the lines of latitude and longitude upon a terrestrial globe.

CHAPTER XV

1. FOLLOWER. A euphemistic or polite way of saying broker's man.

2. BELL YARD. It would be difficult to find a chandler's shop or a suitable lodging for the Neckitt family in the modern Bell Yard, one side of which has become the railings of the Law Courts opened in 1882, and the other side rebuilt as office premises.

3. THREE PAIR. Pair sometimes carries the meaning of set of things all alike and coupled together, as pair of railings, pair of pan pipes, pair of steps. A pair of stairs is a single flight, even if it is divided by a "half-landing"; so three pair means third floor.

CHAPTER XVI

1. GOETH NOT TO THE CONTRARY. This expression is from Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England" (1765): "Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" (Bk. 1, Chap. xviii).

2. TOM-ALL-ALONES. The site of this unsavoury neighbourhood is believed to be by York Street, Covent Garden, but the description is probably a combination of many such districts.

3. SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL. As the address of this Society in 1852 was Pall Mall, Jo would have made a long detour to find a place to eat his breakfast. Dickens probably dragged it into the narrative for propaganda purposes.

4. NOTHINK ABOUT NOTHINK. A pronunciation seldom heard in the South of England except among the under-educated and illiterate. It is probably an unconscious survival of the time when the final g was pronounced, now only provincial.

5. I AM FLY, etc. Coster's slang: fly means cunning, fen larks means no trickery, hooking it and cutting away are running away quickly; half-a-bull is half-a-crown, as Jo himself explains in Chapter XLVI.

6. YELLOW . . . GOLD. The coin was a sovereign (£1). See Chapter XIX.

CHAPTER XVII

1. EXCELLENT SERVANTS ; BAD MASTERS. This very old saying may be found in the "Inquisition upon Fame" by Lord Brooke (1554-1628) :
 "Fire and people doe in this agree
 They both good servants, both ill masters, be."
2. EARINGS. The short ropes that lash the corners (ears) of a sail to the yard.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. MINERVA. Richard in his courtly way was paying a compliment to Esther, as Minerva was worshipped by the Romans as the Goddess of Wisdom.
2. AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING. According to Greek legend Ajax, son of Oileus, King of the Locrians, sailed against Troy and on his return his vessel was wrecked in a storm, and he saved himself by jumping upon a rock, boasting that he would escape in spite of the Gods, whereupon Poseidon split the rock with his trident and Ajax was drowned. (See Homer's Iliad.)
3. CHERRIES, etc. It was indeed a marvellous garden in which all the fruits of the earth from gooseberries to cucumbers were ripening at the same time.
4. WAFERS. Small coloured discs of dried paste which being moistened were used for fastening down letters or for taking impressions of seals.
5. MILTON'S CLOUD. From Comus, lines 223-224 :
 "There does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night."

CHAPTER XIX

1. LAID UP IN ORDINARY. A nautical phrase. A ship is said to be laid up in ordinary when she is out of commission ; hence Dickens's application of the phrase to the good ships Law and Equity during the long vacation.
2. FLYING DUTCHMAN. A mythical sea-captain compelled to sail the seas for ever without reaching port.
3. WESTMINSTER HALL. See Chapter I, Note 1.
4. SERJEANTS' INN. Serjeants-at-law (limited to fifteen in number) were lawyers of the highest rank who, up to 1846, had the exclusive privilege of pleading in the Court of Common Pleas. The Society of Judges and Serjeants was dissolved in 1876, and the title of Serjeant abolished in 1880. Serjeants' Inn, which was not one of the Inns of Court, stood on the east side of Chancery Lane, and was pulled down in 1877 to give place to shops, offices, etc.
5. EAT IT. A sly dig at the old custom of mechanics such as labourers, shepherds and ostlers munching a blade or two of grass or a wisp of straw.
6. MERRY AS A GRIG. A grig is a grasshopper.
7. PALLADIUM. In Greek mythology the Palladium was the statue of Minerva at Troy, on the preservation of which the safety of the city depended. So figuratively, the word has come to mean a safeguard or protection. Milton uses it in this sense : "A kind of palladium to save the city."—Reform in England, Book I. Dickens here applies it, perhaps a little satirically, to the English Bar.
8. TEMPLE BAR. See Chapter I, Note 5.
9. PASTORAL GARDENS. There were several of these pleasure resorts within easy steamboat reach of London, and it seems likely that this may be a reference to Rosherville Gardens, Gravesend, opened in 1837 ; "the place to spend a happy day." A theatre and concert hall, open-air dancing, and a restaurant were among the attractions.
10. BARK A I. Chadband was evidently registered in the celestial Lloyds as a first-class vessel. [We know he was a vessel—he said so.]
11. ONE THOUSING, etc. 1782 was the number of the coachman's badge.
12. GONOPH. A young fool or lout. From the Hebrew *ganef*, to wheedle or cheat.
13. DRAINS ROUND. Either (a) the glasses were to be drained to the last dregs when the toast was drunk, especially as the landlord paid with Jo's money ; or (b) a facetious epithet for the remains of former libations at the bottoms of the glasses, commonly known as heel-taps. Probably the former.
14. O RUNNING STREAM. This apparently charming but really meaningless jingle is Dickens's own composition, and is well suited to the particular kind of eloquence in which Chadband excelled.

CHAPTER XX

1. SWELL. To swell is to grow bigger; hence a swell is colloquially a person of distinction or ability: used also in a derogative sense for a person of ostentation, one who would look bigger or more important than he is, like the frog in the fable who tried to swell himself out to the size of an ox.

2. MARKET GARDENS DOWN BY DEPTFORD. These market gardens have long since disappeared and given place to street after street of small houses. Deptford alone has now a population of 100,000. The opening of the Surrey Commercial Docks and the growth and development of the South Eastern and Chatham Railways contributed greatly to this result.

3. FAVOURITE BOX. These pews or compartments have now, with few exceptions, been swept away for what may be called the "open floor" system.

4. GRASS. A shortened form of sparrow-grass, the name given by costermongers to asparagus.

5. SEW ME UP. Slang for utterly exhaust or place in a awkward corner in the sense of being sewn up in a sack and rendered incapable of movement, mental or physical. (Cf. tight corner.)

6. OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. Fowler says of the use of mutual in this phrase; "Every one knows by now that 'our mutual friend' is a solecism. *Mutual* implies an action or relation between two or more persons or things, . . . all friends are mutual friends and *friends* alone means as much as *mutual friends* . . . the right word would be *common*." It may be added that the title of the French translation of Dickens's novel *Our Mutual Friend* is "*L'Ami Commun*."

7. GOT THE SACK. Brewer says that, according to tradition, sack (a word common to practically all languages) was the last word uttered before work stopped at the Tower of Babel owing to the confusion of tongues. So, to get the sack is to be discharged from or to lose employment.

8. AN OLD CARD. A Card is a slang term for an eccentric; one who stands out from his fellows; a man of mark. The card is the card of the compass containing all its points. In *Hamlet*, Act V, Scene 2, Osric pays this tribute to Laertes: "He is the card and calender of gentry."

9. EMPTY BOTTLE. HOT BREATH. With a spirituous heat; this is the second hint of Krook's end.

10. FOURTEEN PENNY. No wonder that gin was a popular drink when the price of a bottle was 1s. 2d., with a better quality at 1s. 6d.

11. DIVINITIES OF ALBION. Probably the pictures (portraits) taken from one of the fashionable annuals. Note Dickens's tilt at the conventional portraiture of the time.

CHAPTER XXI

1. FOUR RULES. These are, of course: addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.

2. PHRENOLOGICAL. The sly use of the word "attributes" is excellent. Dickens does not call them phenomena.

3. AMORITES AND HITTITES. Two peoples of a list in Exodus III abhorred by small children who had to get them by heart. The full list: the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites.

4. SCRIVENER. A writer, particularly a drafter or copier of legal documents. The word notary has much the same meaning.

5. PORTER'S CHAIR. This article of furniture had a hood giving it something of the appearance of a sentry-box. The occupier was protected from the draughts often prevalent in large halls.

6. TRIVETS. Three-legged iron stands for use in front of the fire. Sometimes two of the legs were modified into hooks so that the trivet might hang on the bars of the grate.

7. TABLE-LAND ON THE TOP OF A BARREL-ORGAN. A flat board usually covered with green or red baize, with an edging of gold or yellow fringe, fixed to the rounded top of the organ, which was itself supported waist-high on a stick and also suspended by a wide leather strap from the shoulders of the performer (known as an organ-grinder).

8. CINDERELLA. By Perrault. See Chapter II, Note 2.

9. JACK THE GIANT KILLER. This nursery tale is founded on an old British legend.

10. SINBAD THE SAILOR. From the Arabian Nights.

11. CHARLEY OVER THE WATER. Charley (Neckitt) is a play on the name of Charles (the Second), who, during the Commonwealth, lived in France. The Royalists in England often drank the loyal toast by passing the wine-glass over a carafe of water.

12. GHASTLY CHERUBIM. An allusion to Reynold's well-known picture of cherubs' heads without bodies.

13. BLACK DRAUGHT. Senna and sulphate of magnesia; generally administered in association with a blue pill (mercury and liquorice). Our ancestors seem to have been attracted by nauseous and drastic medicines.

14. HARLEQUINS. One of the puppets in the Punch-and-Judy drama. Obviously not the live character in pantomime.

15. HOURI. Satirical, of course. A houri is a nymph of Paradise whose company is the chief happiness of the Mussulman in the Hereafter. The applicability of this description to Judy may be judged from Chapter XXI.

16. DEAD MARCH IN SAUL. The march played on the death of the king in Handel's oratorio "Saul."

17. I'LL LIME YOU. Slang. I'll catch you and you'll be as helpless as a bird stuck to bird-lime (which is not made of lime, but is prepared from the bark of holly).

CHAPTER XXII

1. FIND ITSELF SO FAMOUS. A delightful application of a saying of Byron's in "Memoranda from his life" by Thomas Moore: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

2. SPASMS. Attacks of mild hysteria only to be cured by the devoted attentions of sympathetic friends who administer pleasant remedies.

3. SMALL-CLOTHES. A Victorian euphemism for knickerbockers. Any direct reference to a covering for the human leg would, to a prim Victorian, be indelicate, so we find also the words knee-smalls, nether garments, continations, inexpressibles and unmentionables used as synonyms.

4. HIS OLD LAY. Lay is slang for project or scheme, and also for scene of activities.

5. BULL'S EYE. The common name for a constable's oil-lantern suspended to his waist; so-called from the large bulging lens in front. The modern electric lantern still carries the name but not the thickened lens.

6. PALANQUIN. Dickens's polite word for stretcher. Palanquin is a Portuguese word for an Indian covered litter for one person.

7. DARBY. A most appropriate name for a constable, as darbies is the cant name for handcuffs.

8. LANTHORN. A lanthorn was a portable candle lamp with windows of horn used before the introduction of glass. When used with the adjective "magic" in front of it, it should, of course, be lantern.

9. CONFABULATION. A chat or gossip, a consultation, not usually used in written language and confined to speech.

10. HEIGHT. Jo's pronunciation of height. The word is more approximately spelt heighth when used by Mr. Guppy in Chapter LXIV.

CHAPTER XXIII

1. WIN. A foreigner's synonym for gain. The writer knew a Dane who always said: "my watch wins" when he meant that it was too fast.

2. STRIKE DEEP AND SPARE NOT. An adaptation of the phrase in Scripture: "Strike Amalek and spare them not" (1 Sam. xv, 3).

CHAPTER XXIV

1. PURCHASE MONEY. The purchase of commissions in the army ceased in 1871. In Chapter XLV Richard talks of selling out.

2. HACKNEY COACH. The precursor of the cab. Called hackney coach as it was drawn by a hackney, a horse hired for light draught purposes (from Old French *haquenée*, an ambling horse).

3. BLACK SPENCER. A short jacket named after Earl Spencer (1758-1834) who popularised it.

(To be continued)

IN THE AUCTION ROOM

By FLORENCE TYLEE

ON Thursday last, a goodly number of "Dickens Lovers" assembled at the well-known Auction Rooms of "Messrs. Courtt, Batt and Willings" attracted by the announcement that the firm had been favoured with instructions to offer for sale the large and valuable collection of Dickensian relics, which formed part of the estate of the late Mr. Thomas Sapsea, a former Mayor of Cloisterham. This gentleman's business was originally brought into prominence through the agency of the famous novelist, and Mr. Sapsea had many opportunities of acquiring objects associated with his writings. Obviously such a sale had a far more than local interest, and having been advertised in all important newspapers, it attracted would-be buyers from the Continent, the United States and Australia, as well as from all parts of the British Isles. Mr. Courtt, who conducted the auction with his usual versatile ability, said that the personal objects would be first disposed of, books and papers, etc., would be in a second section, except in one instance where it had been deemed advisable to include certain documents in one lot.

It is impossible in the small space at disposal to mention more than a few of the articles which excited the keenest competition among the crowd of buyers, but we have selected those which aroused the greatest interest. A model of the Balloon in which Mr. Green Junior made his famous ascent from Vauxhall Gardens as recorded by "Boz," was bought at a high figure for our aviating Member of Parliament, and will doubtless be exhibited when the Bath Aerodrome is completed. A Chinese Pagoda with little bells on the top, once the residence of Mrs. David Copperfield's pet dog Jip became the property of Mrs. Barker (of the Isle of Dogs) after a spirited contest between that lady and a gentleman from New York, who remarked disconsolately, as the hammer fell on Mrs. Barker's last bid, "Waal! I guess the 'stars and stripes' will be half-masted on the White House after this!"

The Chair, once the seat of Silas Wegg, and the Clothes Horse on which that gentleman of wooden understanding displayed his collection, together with the remainder of the ballad sheets, were offered in one lot, and excited a keen competition between a lady and a gentleman, and resulted in a victory for the latter. It has, however, been stated that a friendly arrangement has since been come to, whereby the lady takes the chair and the gentleman retains the other items. The Knitting Needles once used by Madame Defarge and Little Nell's Needlebook were secured for the Ladies' Red Cross Guild. "Three Crutches" once used by Jenny Wren, Tiny Tim and Phoebe Lambs caused a valiant fight between at least a dozen bidders, including an opulent wine merchant from Crutched Friars, and the Landlord of "The Three Cripples," Saffron Hill. We understand that those interesting, but happily almost out-of-date, articles are to be presented by the purchaser to the "Children's Orthopaedic Hospital," where the small patients and their friends will doubtless inspect them with amazement.

A Flute, once the consolatory property of Mr. Dick Swiveller, was bought by Sir Thomas Beecham, after a member of the Pump Room Orchestra had made a brave struggle to retain it in Bath. A Bath Alderman engaged in an exciting fight for a pair of "Mr. Samuel Pickwick's Spectacles." Needless to say, the worthy Alderman won, and will still continue to view things from a Pickwickian point of view. An article formerly belonging to Mrs. Sarah Gamp, described in the catalogue as "a species of gig-umbrella, of faded leaf colour

except for a circular patch of dark blue," was secured by a lady who succeeded in outbidding a distinguished and eager visitor from Borrioboola-Gha, whose shiny-black face showed his bitter disappointment at his failure.

A pair of boots, once owned by Mr. Jingle, warranted to have been polished by Sam Weller, before he entered the service of Mr. Pickwick, were lost by a Bath shoemaker to the Editor of the "Bath Chronicle," who probably intends to make use of them, being a great "Walker."

The Account Books of the late Wilkins Micawber were knocked down for £19 19s. 6d. Several packs of cards used at the famous card party at the Assembly Rooms, were secured by a stranger.

Three bidders, acting for three well-known knights, ran up the price obtained for the "set of plans" found among the effects of that once famous architect Seth Pecksniff. They were, however, beaten by one of the most prominent of our local architects.

A somewhat battered copy of the "Eatanswill Gazette" went to a representative of the "Sydney Herald"; we understand it is to be placed on a table in "Captain Cook's Cottage," which was transported to the Antipodes some years ago, and erected in celebration of the foundation of the Australian Commonwealth.

The original MS. of Mrs. Leo Hunter's touching poem, "Ode to an Expiring Frog," autographed by that very entertaining Pickwickian hostess, was secured by a local lady, after a vain effort on the part of the representative of the N.S.P.C.A. to acquire this treasure. We understand it will now form part of the repertoire of the "Dramatic Reading Society" and be read at entertainments in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

This is an all too brief account of an event in the auctioneering history of Bath, the like of which never occurred before, and is not likely to occur again.



QUILLS FROM A PORKYPINE

I am rough, Sir, I am as rough as a
Sea Porkypine.

* * *

You'll find me rough, but you'll find
me ready.

* * *

I do my endeavours in my line of life.

* * *

I'm a regular Dodman, I am.

* * *

If this ain't the brightest night o' my
life, I'm a shellfish—biled too—and more
I can't say.

* * *

There! the murder's out.

* * *

You don't ought to watch and work
both. That won't do.

* * *

It ain't o' no use sayin' welcome to you,
but you're welcome, kind and hearty.

* * *

She done her duty by the departed and
the departed know'd it: and the departed
done what was right by her, as she done
what was right by the departed;—and
—and—and it's *all* right.

* * *

Cheer up for your own self, on'y a little
bit, and see if a good deal more doesn't
come nat'ral.

I'm gormed—and I can't say fairer than
that.

* * *

As he sat afore me face to face, strike
me down dead, but I'd have drowned him
and thought it right.

* * *

I have done what I thowt should be
done, but I never look'd fur any good to
come of my stanning where I do.

* * *

It do my art good to see you, Sir. Well
met, well met.

* * *

I am come fur to bring forgiveness and
to take you home.

* * *

I went across-channel to France, and
landed theer as if I'd fell down from the
sky.

* * *

I've had a mort of con-sideration, I do
tell you.

* * *

We haven't fared nohows but fared to
thrive.

* * *

Friends is dear and I am heer—which is
verse though I hadn't such intentions.

* * *

My dooty heer is done.

THE ENDURING SPIRIT

By J. H. McNULTY

The hundred and thirty-second anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated in London by a luncheon at which nearly one hundred and fifty guests were present, including members of the Dickens family, and representatives from the Bath, Rochester, Rugby, and St. Pancras branches. Mr. Henry Charles Dickens occupied the Chair. In proposing the toast to The Immortal Memory of Dickens, Mr. J. H. McNulty said :

This afternoon's meeting is another sign of the changes that have taken place, and are taking place, in the world. For many years the Birthday of Dickens has been celebrated with a splendid banquet held in the evening at one of the largest and best-appointed hotels in the Metropolis, with a rich variety of dishes and choice wines, and a large gathering of distinguished people. To-day things have altered; in place of the banquet we have a good but much more humble repast, where the food is simple and the wines have almost reached vanishing point; the size of the meeting, too, has diminished; it is like Milton's audience, "fit but few." All these changes have taken place on account of the actions of certain persons on the other side of the North Sea, which is no longer the German Ocean, as it used to be called in the old geography books. Yet this meeting, and, indeed, all the meetings we hold to-day, have a real value; they are a link between a happy past and, as we may hope, a happier future.

At a time like this when so much of the world is held by crude, brutal, material force, it is more than ever necessary to remember that things of the spirit are stronger and more enduring than the force of armies, navies, and air fleets; yet that is the fact. The power of Greece that won the battles of Marathon, Plataea, Salamis, has passed away, but Greek literature is read and loved wherever men are sufficiently educated to enjoy it. The Roman Empire, both ancient and modern, is a thing of the past, yet men still "point a moral or adorn a tale" with an apt quotation from Horace or Virgil, and men and women learn Italian in order to read Dante's great poem in the original. In England it is the same story; no one walks to Canterbury to-day, but Chaucer's Canterbury Tales are still read and enjoyed. The power of the Tudors has vanished, but Shakespeare's Plays are held in higher repute than ever, and there are plenty of good reasons to believe that the books of Dickens will have a like immortality.

A classic has been defined as a book you place on the top shelf of the bookcase and take for granted, or take as read, like the minutes at a public meeting. There is more satire than truth in that definition, and a better one would be, a book that survives passing tastes and fashions, is independent of the conditions in which it was written and has a message for future ages. If that is a true definition the works of Dickens are classics. His books have survived the many changes that have taken place between his days and ours. Our fathers and grandfathers loved Dickens's humour, but they valued his pathos far more highly than we do. We read of strong men weeping over the pathetic passages and begging him not to let Little Nell die. To-day we think far less of his pathos than they did and give all our admiration to his humour. It is not much exaggeration to say they loved him because he made them cry, and we because he makes us laugh.

We think we are right, but we cannot be sure, and those who come after us may revert to the more sentimental tastes of earlier times. We cannot tell, but we do know that a change has taken place and Dickens has survived it. The books, too, have outlived the circumstances in which they were written. Yorkshire schools are no more,

but *Nicholas Nickleby* remains a splendid book. Workhouses have been improved, but there are many fine things in *Oliver Twist*; the Law has been reformed, but *Bleak House* remains a masterpiece. The Debtors' Prison, as Dickens knew it, has passed away. Imprisonment for debt has been abolished, and though people still go to prison for failing to pay their debts, it is called by another name; but the Debtors' Prison has gone, yet *Little Dorrit* is a magnificent book, not half so gloomy as some people imagine. No book which contains such a wonderful gargoyle as Mr. F's Aunt, and such a fountain of perpetual chatter as Flora Finching, can rightly be called gloomy.

Dickens in a remarkable fashion has conquered and convinced critics who might have been unsympathetic. George Saintsbury, who had read everything worth reading in half a dozen languages, speaks of Dickens's "eccentric and ill-reasoned politics and sociology," liked *A Tale of Two Cities* less every time he managed to read it, but adds, "I do not think to this day that I ever allow more than a year or two to pass without reading *Pickwick* through from beginning to end."

Walter Bagehot was a very level-headed critic and he writes of Dickens, "It requires a continuous and careful reading of his works to be aware of his enormous wealth. Writers have attained the greatest reputation for wit and humour, whose whole works do not contain so much of either as are to be found in a very few pages of his." Bagehot does not seem to like the later books, and even of the others there is some sharp criticism; still he does write, "In his earlier works he never writes long without saying something well, something which no other man would have said." That is high praise, but why limit it to his earlier books? These good things occur everywhere in the later books as well as the earlier ones.

Look at the description of the fog in *Bleak House*, "with flakes of soot in it as big as full grown snowflakes gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun," or Mr. Tangle's learned friends when the Chancellor asked with a slight smile, "Several members of the bar are still to be heard, I believe?" and "eighteen of Mr. Tangle's learned friends each armed with a little summary of eighteen hundred sheets, bob up like eighteen hammers in a pianoforte, make eighteen bows and drop into their eighteen places of obscurity."

Open the front of your piano, play a few chords, and you will see Mr. Tangle's learned friends bobbing up and down! The book is full of good things and so is *Little Dorrit*. Open it and read Clennam's visit to Mrs. Plornish, the plasterer's wife. "Not to deceive you, Sir, I notice it," said Mrs. Plornish, "and I take it kind of you. It ain't many that comes into a poor place, that deems it worth their while to move their hats. But people think more of it than people think." It's humorous to us, but it is really pathetic, showing the lack of courtesy so frequently shown to the poor.

Think of Flora's meeting with Clennam after his long sojourn in China and expressing the wish that, if he had married while he was away, his wife was not a "Pagodean Dissenter." Turn to the delightful toast-crust episode. Clennam did not eat those crusts, but it's very likely we should. Remember it was toast made with white bread and real butter and no one can say of anyone to-day "He has a proud stomach." We can eat anything and we do. Turn to the last completed novel, *Our Mutual Friend*. It was partly written after the railway accident at Staplehurst, and though Dickens was suffering from shock, there is little or no sign of weakness in the book. The description of the Veneering election is perfect and there is Mrs. Veneering's priceless remark, "on the night before the election Baby was very uneasy in her sleep. After an interval almost convulsive, Baby curled her hands in one another and smiled." Mrs. Veneering stopping here, Mr.

Podsnap deems it incumbent on him to say, "I wonder why." "Could it be, I asked myself," said Mrs. Veneering, looking for her pocket handkerchief, "that the Fairies were telling Baby that her Papa would shortly be an M.P.?"

Even in the short stories, where Dickens is rarely at his best, there are good things, and the concluding paragraphs of *The Seven Poor Travellers*, on Christmas, are among the most beautiful passages in English literature. In the last book of all, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, where a falling off might be expected, there is none, but there is the splendid Sapsea epitaph and the Billickin. Here is no flickering of the flame, no waning of the brilliance, but in the midst of the light comes sudden darkness and the "rest is silence." The voice of Dickens was stilled but the chorus of praise and gratitude continued, and will continue.

Dickens will not be forgotten because his books are full of the things all ordinary people love. Good food and good fellowship. Gabriel Grub was not condemned because he had a drink on Christmas Eve, a very natural thing to do, nor for drinking Hollands, a rather melancholy sort of drink, but for "drinking Hollands alone."

"On Christmas Eve Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern, and having read all the newspapers and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book went home to bed." It is no excuse that his banker's book was more cheerful reading than ours would be, but a man who dines alone on Christmas Eve because he has no friends through his own fault is to be blamed rather than pitied.

If the great novelist entered this room to-day, do you think we should all begin talking in a highly intellectual, highbrow fashion? Not a bit of it, we should ask him to sit down and share our meal with us and he would do so. He might express some surprise at our abstemiousness, for compared with the gargantuan repasts of his day, our menu would appear poor, and our drink weak; but when we told him that we were passing through Hard Times, but on account of the excellence of American Notes we were living in Great Expectations, he would understand.

Dickens will never be forgotten because his books give what the world needs, kindness, sympathy and charity. The world needs these virtues more than ever and his books are full of them. Kindness and sympathy for those who fall and fail in the battle of life, the faithful failures in life's struggle. Dickens had great tenderness for the weak-minded Miss Flite, Toots and Mr. Dick, as Shakespeare had for Hamlet, Lear and Ophelia.

The world also needs laughter, never more so, and here is laughter without stint, sometimes as boisterous as a gale, but always as health-giving as a sea breeze. Thus we may feel sure that his memory is immortal, the good men do lives after them, helping and cheering those who follow, and we may close with those beautiful lines of Longfellow:

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downwards from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies,
Upon the paths of men."



A NEW DICKENS BIBLIOGRAPHY

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

WRITTEN. Commenced at Gads Hill, Autumn, 1863, and continued there, in London, and in France. Ended at Gads Hill, September, 1865.

MANUSCRIPT. In the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Forty, by Marcus Stone.

DEDICATED to Sir James Emerson Tennent. Inscribed copy in library of Count de Suzannet.

PUBLISHED by Chapman and Hall in monthly numbers, price one shilling, from May, 1864, to November, 1865. For facsimile of cover design see page 77. In two volume form, maroon cloth, Vol. 1, February, 1865, Vol. 2, November, 1865, price 11s. each; also in one volume, green cloth, price 21s.

The original publication in 19 numbers with green wrappers is scarce and expensive. It is less rare in volume form (two or one volumes). Buyers of rebound copies should see that the collation agrees with that given below. Vol. 1 should contain a small slip containing a note in reference to the Title.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARCUS STONE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 183 PICCALILLY.
1865.

[The right of Translation is reserved.]

SPECIAL NOTES FOR THE FIRST EDITION

Date 1865 on title pages of both volumes.

Volume 1: Half-title, one leaf; Half-title, one leaf; Frontispiece, one plate; Title page, one leaf, see accompanying illustration; Dedication, one leaf; Contents, two leaves; List of Illustrations, one leaf. The story then follows, pp. 1 to 320, with 19 illustrations. Bound up with Volume 1 is a 36 page catalogue of books published by Chapman and Hall dated January, 1865.

Volume 2: Half-title, one leaf; Frontispiece, one plate; Title page, one leaf; Contents, two leaves, with List of Illustrations on last page. The story follows on pp. 1 to 306, with 19 illustrations on separate plates. At end is a "Postscript in lieu of preface," two leaves, followed by three leaves of Chapman and Hall's advertisements, with date November, 1865, on second leaf.

The single volume edition contains for Illustrated Title, a plate reproducing the cover design.

No. 18.

OCTOBER, 1865.

Price 1s.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

MARCUS STONE.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, PICCADILLY.

The right of Translation is reserved.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

Above is a reproduction of Marcus Stone's design for the green cover of each of the 19 monthly numbers published between May, 1864, and November, 1865. Each part bears its number in the top left hand corner, with the date (month and year). Each number contains 32 pages, two illustrations on plate paper, and advertisement pages which varied from time to time. The price of each number was one shilling; the last number (marked Nos. 19 & 20) was a double one, price two shillings. Title-pages and preliminary matter; see collation on page 76, were included in numbers 10 and 19-20.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

WRITTEN. Begun at Devonshire Terrace, March, 1840; continued there and at Broadstairs; ended at Devonshire Terrace, January 17th, 1841.

MANUSCRIPT in Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

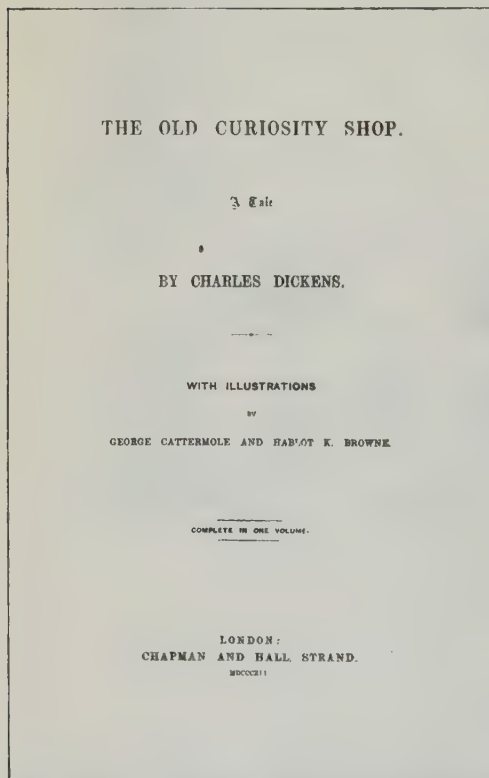
ILLUSTRATIONS. Fourteen by George Cattermole, sixty-six by Hablot K. Browne, one by Maclise, and one by Samuel Williams.

DEDICATED to Samuel Rogers.

PUBLISHED by Chapman and Hall in *Master Humphrey's Clock* from No. 4 (25th April, 1840) to No. 45 (February 6th, 1841). In one volume, December 15th, 1841, cloth, 13s., "or elegantly bound by Heyday in calf with gilt leaves," 18s.

NEW PREFACE in the Cheap Edition (5s.), dated September, 1848.

The cloth volume published in 1841 does not seem to have been sought after by the collector, who prefers the separate numbers of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, or the three volumes of that publication. Consequently it is neither rare nor expensive. The Cheap Edition of 1848 is worth collecting for the new preface, also on account of its being the first edition apart from the 1841 volume made up from the weekly numbers with uneven pagination.



NOTES FOR THE FIRST EDITION

(a) In cloth.

(In weekly numbers and monthly parts see *Master Humphrey's Clock*.) In one volume, cloth or calf, title page dated MDCCCXLI, one leaf (see accompanying facsimile), "Advertisement" (explaining the reason for the defective numbering of pages) one leaf; Preface dated March, 1841, one leaf. The story then follows on pages extracted from *Master Humphrey's Clock*, pp. 37 to 306; 1 to 223.

(b) First separate edition in parts

Twenty-two numbers (Nos. 64—85 of Cheap Edition) each 16 pages, price 1½d., the last contains new frontispiece by Cattermole, title page dated MDCCCXLVIII; page dedication to Samuel Rogers; new preface, three pages, dated London September 1848. Also in five monthly parts (numbered Parts XVII to XXI)

dated June 1, 1848, to October 1, 1848, Price 7d., and one number (64) bound up with Part XVI *Nicholas Nickleby*, and final number (85) bound up with *Barnaby Rudge* Part XXII.

DICKENS'S PROPHECIES

By PHILIP CLAXTON WILLIAMS

ONE might say that every great writer is a prophet. As a genius writes of what he sees, he writes of what he feels, not merely of the past or the present, but of the future also. Some, of course, have the prophetic faculty to a more marked degree, though few indeed have not at some time directed their prowess to a study of the shape of things to come.

At first sight it would seem that Dickens had little concern with the future: that his intensity of feeling was held more closely by the evils of contemporary life, or by the rich store house of the past. But a further examination reveals that Dickens, too, had his moments of prophecy.

One of the earliest and most interesting dates from the outset of his career, referring, as it does, to his first major literary creation.

"If I were to live a hundred years," he wrote to Messrs. Chapman and Hall during the publication of *Pickwick*, "and wrote three novels in each I should never be so proud of any of them as I am of *Pickwick*, feeling, as I do, that it has made its own way, and hoping, as I must own I do hope, that long after my hand is withered as the pens it held, *Pickwick* will be found on many a dusty shelf with many a better work."

To those of his generation this prophetic utterance might have seemed vainglorious. It is the undue modesty of it that strikes us most to-day. *Pickwick* has taken its place with the great books of literature, but, apart from the numerous other books of Dickens, how many of them are "better works." Truly, very few.

At the conclusion of his previous series of sketches, he makes another fleeting reference to the future. Returning from Manchester to London by the newly inaugurated Mail Train he fell, as he tells us, into another train—a train of reflection. "As he whirled away," he wrote, "I was led insensibly into an anticipation of those days to come, when mail coach guards shall no longer be judges of horseflesh—when a mail coach guard shall never even have seen a horse—when stations shall have superseded stables, and corn shall have given place to coke."

Quite a sound prophecy for over a hundred years ago, when steam was, as he tells us elsewhere, "in its infancy." Though it fails to include some of the innovations that have occurred since then, it shows, at least, a clear ability to read the signs of the times.

In his early work, *Nicholas Nickleby*, we find another prophetic passage, one of singular grace and fantasy: "Things that are changed or gone will come back as they used to be, thank God, in sleep." This may not be so much a prophecy as an expression of Dickens's experience. If so, there must be many of us whose experiences coincide with his.

Dickens's hopes were never so bright as when he looked forward. His reproofs were born of despair at the mistakes of the past or the present. Such optimism is depicted in *Barnaby Rudge*, where Dickens forsook the contemporary scene to hark back into Georgian history. Here we find a prophetic utterance of a particularly sanguine and cheerful character. "The future is a bright word for you," it runs, "and its images should be wreathed with cheerful hopes."

A genial benison indeed, instructing his readers to look forward with high hopes to the days to come, when the spirit of Dickens was to attain nation-wide proportions and to fill their houses with a multitude of friends.

Always an optimist, Dickens had unshakable belief in the ultimate

triumph of good over evil. In the last few pages of that Christmas message called *The Chimes* he tells us so in his own memorable words :

I know that our inheritance is held in store for us by Time. I know that there is a sea of Time, to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves.

Dickens was by instinct a democrat—a fact which brings him into line with the changed social life that has come into being in the span of time that has elapsed since his death.

In 1853 he spoke in support of the Mechanics' Institute, which was being inaugurated at Birmingham. His speech showed an instance of his flair for prophesying, for seeing into the future of things.

"If ever there was a time," he said, "when any class could of itself do much for its own good and the welfare of society—which I greatly doubt—that time is unquestionably past."

The solution, he continued, "is in the fusion of different classes without confusion ; in the bringing together of employers and employed : in the creating of a better common understanding among those whose interests are identical, who depend upon each other, who are vitally essential to each other, and who never can be in unnatural antagonism without deplorable results."

In *Bleak House*—a work in itself of a sombre cast—we find this solemn premonition of changes to come :

empty rooms, bereft of a familiar presence, mournfully whisper what your room and mine must one day be.

A doleful truism, but one that, in a real world such as Dickens's, must be envisaged along with the rest.

On one occasion Dickens, in assessing the respective merits of his works, placed the latter part of the *Tale of Two Cities* among the best of all, a decision few readers would dispute. We find in these pages—in the mouth of the drunkard and wastrel whom one brief hour made glorious—a remarkable prophecy that is applicable, not to this character only, but to Dickens himself :

I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence.

Such are Dickens's prophecies, all remarkable, some memorable, worthy of the high standard he set himself and seldom failed to achieve. Readers may know of others, but it is certain that these, too, will conform to this rule.



ERRATUM*

Please look in the last number of this verdant magazine,
And see that by an undesigned misfortune I have been
And gone and buried Stow in sainted Olave's noted church.
I fear that when I wrote, my thoughts had left me in the lurch,
For Stow's commemorated in Saint Andrew's Undershaft—
A fact I knew quite well ; did any reader think me daft ?
Now when you read my note upon the picture number three
Have pity on the lapse that is entirely due to me—
For placing Stow where Pepys (the rogue) most surely ought to be,
And Pepys need not be mentioned as I'm sure you will agree.

T. W. HILL.

* Notes on the Illustrations to *David Copperfield*, see Winter No. Page 48.

"DICKENS ISN'T READ NOW"

A REFUTATION FROM MELBOURNE

[The following is extracted from an address to the Melbourne Branch at the Birthday Celebration in 1943 by Captain C. H. Peters, M.C. and Bar, Managing Director of Robertson & Mullens Ltd., the well-known Melbourne booksellers.—EDITOR.]

"**D**ICKENS isn't read now." How often we hear this ! Some people of these days, too lazy mentally to concern themselves with books, or who spend their valuable spare hours in vapid amusement, try to sidetrack literary discussion with such a generalisation, "Dickens isn't read now"; then preen themselves as if they have said something clever instead of having revealed to the thoughtful listener their shallowness, their incapacity, and their lack of knowledge.

There is something lacking to-day in our national life; it is the lack of thought, the lack of reading and the absence of the inclination to cultivate the mind; there is also the lack of attention to the works of our standard British authors, among them being the inimitable Charles Dickens.

So when you next hear that sardonic statement—"Dickens isn't read now," just ask why it happens that over thirty of the leading British publishers issued the works of Dickens in pre-war days. This is not done as a matter of sentiment or of custom, for publishers have to be business men; but because these books are bought by the booksellers, and they must buy because the public buy from them, and the public does read Dickens !

Following this line of thought, I asked at a Melbourne bookshop (you can guess which), "How many editions of *David Copperfield* have have you?" (this too was pre-war); then I had the answer, and it satisfied me; "In twenty-eight different styles." There you are ! I have purposely spoken of British publishers whose records are easily available to me, but in addition there are the publishers of the Empire, and also the U.S.A. And there is not a continental language into which the creations of Dickens's genius have not been translated, giving to the world the enjoyment, the inspiration and the solace to be derived from the study of his works.

A gentleman who is well-known to us all, and whose authority on books is unquestioned, Mr. Leonard Slade, has by research accumulated a table of editions of various Dickens titles; it is as interesting as it is important and authoritative. It is strictly confined to editions put out by English publishers.

At the very top stands *A Tale of Two Cities*, published in sixty different editions by no less than seventeen different publishers. No one will claim that this book is typical of Dickens, but it has been popularised by stage and screen, such as no other book has ever been. A more modern writer may have created a "Scarlet Pimpernel"; but no one has yet achieved a Sydney Carton, nor equalled the noble and ringing sentiment: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

A Christmas Carol has also found favour with seventeen different publishers, and appeared in thirty-four different editions. *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* come next in fifty editions by a dozen publishers, with *Oliver Twist* only two behind. The list informs me that it is the same with all the other stories, thirty-four to forty different editions for most of them. Even *Hard Times*, at the bottom of the list, is credited with twenty editions by five publishers.

To-day the early editions of Dickens are eagerly sought by collectors. Although none have that special quality of absolute rarity, Dickens's

books enjoy the distinction of being best sellers, which have become collectors' items. The queues that waited to buy the green-covered parts as issued are to-day represented by crowds just as eager, though not so large, and still they are unsatisfied—there are not enough to go round !

I have touched lightly briefly upon this interesting phase of Dickens's popularity. But what about the human side ? While water runs and grass grows, Dickens will be *read* and *read* for his humanities ; to-day we express ourselves regarding personalities in Dickensian comparisons ; we see Dickens's types every hour of our day, and classify them as characters in the books, and in describing them to a kindred spirit, how easy to say, " Well, he's a Micawber type," or " Another Uriah Heep," and how fully too, we make ourselves understood. Yes, Dickens *is* read still—read and understood.

To-day Dickens is remembered not only as a novelist, not only as a humorist, not only as the literary giant of the Victorian era, but as a strong social force, as a voice upraised against injustice, as a friend to the masses of the people, a finger pointing to the way of ambition, condemning abuses—" Listen to the voice of Dickens," the voice of Time cries to Man ! Advance !—Ages of Darkness, Wickedness and Violence have come and gone—millions uncountable have suffered—lived and died—to *point the way* !

So did Charles Dickens point the way ; he lived in a hard age ; the criminal laws of England were severe, imposing heavy penalties upon many who were merely unfortunate. In *Oliver Twist* Dickens uses the vile to point a moral when others of his time were ennobling vice to dress their novels, making of the highwayman more than a hero, where Dickens showed the mean thief. Did he not distinguish the ' worlds apart ' between true charity and the false ; all his scorn was poured upon the charity that contaminates.

Yes, Charles Dickens will be remembered as a strong social force, and will be revered for the reforms that his trenchant pen brought into being, and he will be read and re-read for this reason as well as for others.

Yes, Dickens *is* read now, and so long as sight is vouchsafed to mankind—*Dickens will be read*.

DICKENS IN THE SOVIET UNION

Mr. E. Trory, writing in " The Bookseller," 19th August, 1943, says :

" Nor is Shakespeare the only English writer to earn a warm place in the heart of the Soviet people. Charles Dickens was not unknown in Russia before the Revolution, but figures show that his works are more eagerly read to-day than they were in the days of the Tsar. In the period from 1897 to 1916, 747,000 copies of his works were issued, whereas in the period from 1917 to 1938 the comparable figure was 1,932,000. The Civil War was hardly over when, in 1919, the Soviet Government issued a big edition of *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Oliver Twist*. Since then not a year has passed without a new edition of one or another of his novels. Between 1928 and 1930 three editions of *Oliver Twist*, *Dombey and Son* and *Nicholas Nickleby* appeared, each of 30,000 copies ; while *Great Expectations*, *David Copperfield*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop* were issued in two editions of the same size. In 1930 75,000 copies of an abridged edition of *A Tale of Two Cities* were printed, and from 1930 to 1940 twenty more editions of Dickens were published, many of them entirely new translations, including a de luxe edition of *Pickwick Papers*. *Hard Times* and *Great Expectations* came out in two editions of 50,000 copies each, but a new translation of *Oliver Twist* beat all records. The State Publishing House produced several editions of 50,000 each, while the Children's Publishing House produced another 75,000 copies of this favourite. *David Copperfield* and *Bleak House* appeared at the same time.

PHIZ'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO *DAVID COPPERFIELD*

By KENTLEY BROMHILL

(continued from page 50)

20. *I FALL INTO CAPTIVITY.*—And who wouldn't if presented to a little lady so attractive and lovingly drawn as Dora?—one of the prettiest of Phiz's "pretty women." A capital contrast to the steel-bound Jane Murdstone behind. Dora is so much the most important of all the figures that nothing else seems to matter, even to the artist, who has made with great economy one leg serve for the chair as well as the pianoforte, and has provided David with only one leg, while both he and Mr. Spenlow are so precariously tilted forward that they appear about to tumble; let us hurry on in case they do.

21. *WE ARE DISTURBED IN OUR COOKERY.*—Browne evidently got a good deal of enjoyment from the designing of this plate. It is Mr. and Mrs. Micawber's picture! Micawber is thoroughly happy—almost as happy as if he were brewing punch—with his gridiron, and Mrs. Micawber's assumption of her brown gloves and "a genteel languor" is perfect. Observe the plates warming in the fender and the "second-hand dumb waiter" loaded with reserve plates, cutlery and glasses.

*22. *I FIND MR. BARKIS "GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE."*—One can have nothing but praise for this admirable specimen of a real book illustration; just what an "illustration" should be, realising as it does pictorially not only a close adherence to the text, but also conveying the spirit in which the chapter was written. The lifeless look on Barkis's face is only equalled by the affectionate concern and anxiety on Peggotty's, while David and Mr. Peggotty look on with awe and reverence. The accessories should be examined: Barkis's box, the watchpocket over his head, and the symbolical picture of "The Transfiguration" by Raphael. No exaggeration; no caricature. Just a perfect picture of what is probably the most affecting and natural of all Dickens's death-bed scenes.

23. *MR. PEGGOTTY AND MRS. STEERFORTH.*—This is an elaborate study of expressions well carried out. Mrs. Steerforth aristocratic, high-nosed, thin-lipped, severe and uncompromising; Mr. Peggotty solemn, dignified and fearless; David apprehensive and concerned; Rosa watchful and keen. The kitten about to spring up the curtain to get at the canary only accentuates the tenseness of the situation.

24. *MY AUNT ASTONISHES ME.*—Browne shews care and particular closeness to the text in this very satisfying conception of what must have been an embarrassing situation for David; surprise on David's face; fear on Peggotty's (she is still in mourning for Barkis); stern resolution on Miss Trotwood's; calm indifference on Mr. Dick's; while Mrs. Crupp is in her most conciliating and subservient mood.

25. *MR. WICKFIELD AND HIS PARTNER WAIT UPON MY AUNT.*—In contrast to the last plate it seems as if Phiz had not studied the text with his usual attention. So intent is he on making Mr. Wickfield look extra refined as a foil to Uriah that he has made the gentleman's face chalky white with downcast eyes as if he were ashamed of something, instead of having "an unwholesome ruddiness upon his face . . . his eyes were full and bloodshot." Miss Trotwood's face is also unsatisfactory and it would be difficult to recognise her from her other portraits in the book. Agnes has lost some of the beauty she shewed at the Waterbrooks. A view of Dover Castle is hanging on the wall and St. Paul's and the river can be seen from the window in Buckingham Street. This plate has suffered a curious reversal in etching. If it be held before a mirror and looked at by reflection David and Uriah

will be seen shaking their right hands ; Miss Trotwood will be putting her left hand to her chin and resting her right hand in her lap ; Agnes will be caressing her father with her right hand instead of her left, and Mr. Wickfield's waistcoat will be buttoned on the correct side. As the plate is printed everything is reversed and non-natural.

26. MR. MICAWBER DELIVERS SOME VALEDICTORY REMARKS.—Here is a great improvement, for this is one of Browne's jolly little parties. Mr. Micawber is as natural as such an individual can be, and Traddles is much fuller of animation than he was at the Waterbrooks' and more natural than he was in front of Littimer—but perhaps that need not cause surprise ; the Punch from the wash-hand-stand jug on the table has no doubt caused his carelessness with the falling tumbler ; Mrs. Micawber, gloved but without the genteel languor of Plate 21, looks pleased and a little self-conscious and prim at having been kissed by David. The twins, who look about three years of age instead of their real eight or nine years, are in the turn-up bedstead ; Young Wilkins is having a glass of punch as a reward for singing " The Woodpecker tapping " as an alternative to bed for which he appears quite ready. There is on the floor some evidence, of Phiz's imagining, that oysters preceded the punch.

27. TRADDLES MAKES A FIGURE IN PARLIAMENT AND I REPORT HIM.—An effectively posed group but a little lacking in finish. Most of the artist's pains have been bestowed, perhaps with justice, on Traddles, who is excellent, but David is paying more attention to the orator than to his shorthand—it would be practically impossible for a stenographer to make notes with his book placed as David's is, and one is not surprised to read in the text that " expectation " comes out looking like a cobweb and that " disadvantageous " appears as a sky rocket. Mr. Dick is absorbed but quite uninterested, and Miss Trotwood does not agree with her description in Chapter XIII : " By no means ill-looking, her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and severe " ; she looks too startled. However, Browne does not forget to add a little of his own sly humour ; the busts of Demosthenes and Cicero turn towards each other and grin at Traddles's exhibition of borrowed eloquence and the judge between them looks down with judicial disapproval.

*28. THE WANDERER.—A real bit of old-fashioned melodrama (" Sit down and I'll tell you the story of my life " sort of thing) ; darkened stage—storm without—one light—mysterious conversation—entranced hero—good old man in property wig—listening female behind door—all that is wanted is soft music and curtain closing slowly in. Mr. Peggotty is much too youthful and his face does not follow the text which says : " His face was burnt dark by the sun, the lines of his face and forehead were deeper and he had the appearance of having toiled and wandered through all varieties of weather."

29. TRADDLES AND I CONFER WITH THE MISSES SPENLOW.—A pleasing scene pleasingly done. The two " dry little elderly ladies " are very lady-like indeed and not unattractive. The interchange between Traddles's advocacy for his friend and the lady " who was an authority on affairs of the heart " is excellent. The walls, as is proper with such sentimental old dears, are entirely devoted to Love subjects, especially the scene in Arcadia with Strephon piping to Urania. The favourite reading of Miss Lavinia is " Paradise Regained " and " Loves of the Angels," and her favourite song is " Will you love Me ? " The halo-like arrangement of the pleats in the silk panel on the piano behind David's head is a particularly happy touch.

30. I AM MARRIED.—Dickens must have liked Phiz's churches. He gave him one in *Dombey and Son* and there are two in this book. The name of the sacred building is not given, but it is not Putney Parish

Church ; it is too ornate and more lofty than the church at Blunderstone in Plate 3, and is more like one of the City churches with its ambitious monuments and padded sacrarium rail. It is evidently very old indeed as the monuments are of various dates from the Crusades to the eighteenth century. The cobweb on the statue was probably inspired by the cobweb on the alms-box in Hogarth's well-known picture.

33. OUR HOUSEKEEPING.—This arresting etching needs no long comment. It would be impossible to overpraise the glorious muddle, the original sketch for which must have given the artist hours of labour and thought. Not a detail on the text has been overlooked and not a few have been added by Phiz to emphasise the weakness of Dora's housekeeping. The whole situation is succinctly and effectively summed up by the inclusion among the books on the shelf on the wall of a jar of—PICKLES ; figuratively Mixed pickles, for certain.

34. MR. DICK FULFILS MY AUNT'S PREDICTION.—A drawing much inferior to the previous plate, both in composition and in the actual etching process ; it has come out too flat and would have been improved by another biting ; perhaps Browne was pressed for time. He has reproduced every sentence in the paragraph but has not indulged his usual whimsical fancy. Doctor Strong bears no resemblance to his previous portrait in Plate 13. Mrs. Strong, Miss Trotwood and David have also altered in appearance. Mrs. Markleham, however, is excellent.

35. THE RIVER.—Incomparably the best picture in the book whether considered as an etching, as a drawing, or as a mere illustration. The process of biting in has been very skilfully and carefully done, and the result is that the figure of Martha, beautifully posed, stands out with almost stereoscopic effect from the murky background with shadowy impressions of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral on the skyline. A little study will reveal how great an achievement this plate is when compared with other plates in the book.

*36. MR. PEGGOTTY'S DREAM COMES TRUE.—Here is another instance of Phiz's care when he had plenty of time. This is a room in a common lodging-house full of symbolic references to Little Em'ly : the broken ewer in the wash-basin ; the cracked looking-glass ; the broken flower-pot ; the empty envelope on the ground ; the dancer's domino ; the single dancing-shoe. In the centre is a sublimated Mr. Peggotty looking much too young and unwrinkled ; Little Em'ly with her face averted ; and David, fascinated, looking on. It is all rather melodramatic but then, so is the written account.

37. RESTORATION OF MUTUAL CONFIDENCE BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. MICAWBER.—Browne is never more happy than when depicting scenes of domestic happiness, and this is one of his excellent presentations of high spirits and enjoyment, marred a little by a lapse to his earliest manner of slight caricature although he has striven to keep it under control. There appears to be some misunderstanding about the ages of the children. Miss Micawber is eighteen, the twins are fifteen, and Young Wilkins is nineteen (with a tenor voice for singing in public houses), but no one would guess these facts by looking at this picture.

36. MY CHILD-WIFE'S OLD COMPANION.—A very carefully and thoughtfully executed picture of sadness and mourning. There is no place in such a subject for caricature ; Browne is in earnest and is probably deeply moved himself by his work. Everything is in character. David's expression of utter desolation ; Agnes's of grief and sympathy ; the empty chair ; the useless guitar with broken strings (no more Tra-la-la) ; the dying Jip ; the clock case without any works ; the candle (just gone out) with a stream of smoke ; and above, dominating all, the portrait of the living Dora. Browne had evidently taken

to heart Michael Angelo's dictum that trifles make perfection. It is worth while to note Dickens's touching choice of a title for this plate, with all its unexpressed implications.

37. I AM THE BEARER OF EVIL TIDINGS.—Another picture of sadness but with what a difference. There is no appeal to sentiment; merely a record of fact. Mrs. Steerforth now a semi-invalid, has moved into Steerforth's room, surrounded by "the many tokens of his old sports and accomplishments." Some of the pride and hauteur have gone from her face and she sits "like a stone figure." David, with a mourning band on his hat for Dora, is oppressed with his unpleasant duty and is unable to take any notice of the dog's advances, while Rosa looks on terrified at David's news.

38. THE EMIGRANTS.—The 'tween-decks of an emigrant ship of the period, with the crowd of passengers who have not yet settled down for the voyage. The only cheerful face among the adults belongs to Micawber. The children seem happy and carefree; how true to nature! Most of the people mentioned in the narrative can be picked out in Phiz's well composed assemblage.

*39. I AM SHEWN TWO INTERESTING PENITENTS.—Browne has made the best of an unpleasant task. The picture seems to give a feeling that the whole business is unreal, which is only relieved by the expression in the faces of the two warders "who knew pretty well what all this stir was worth." The grouping and the draughtsmanship are just short of caricature, and Creakle whispering in David's ear is very good; Phiz has managed to convey the fact that his voice was husky.

40. A STRANGER CALLS TO SEE US.—The last picture in *Dombey and Son* was a cheerful one and the last picture in this book is also cheerful. Dickens believed in happy endings. David and Agnes have been happily married for ten years with Agnes looking very young for a woman of nearly forty. They have three of their children playing in the room, and certainly up too late as the clock points to eight o'clock. To remind them of old times Browne has given them, over the mantel, the picture of Dora that he drew for Plate 36, and also a copy of his drawing of Peggotty's old boat with Little Em'ly in the foreground as seen in the title-page vignette. Quære. Why is there no comfortable armchair in the room? Perhaps that is rather an ungracious criticism after such a series of pleasing illustrations.

(Continued from page 87)

His shining bald head, which looked so very large because it shone so much; and the long grey hair at its sides and back, like floss silk or spun glass, which looked so very benevolent because it was never cut... whose smooth grey eyebrows seemed to move to the ticking as the fire-light flickered on them.—CASBY, *L.D.*, I, 13.

So bald and had such big whiskers, that he seemed to have stopped his hair, by the sudden application of some powerful remedy, in the very act of falling off his head, and to have fastened it irrevocably on his face. MR. SPOTTLETOE, *M.C.*, 4.

He contracted the habit of brushing his hair so very upright. It gave him a surprised look—not to say a heart-broomy kind of expression... "You have no idea what obstinate hair mine is, Copperfield, I am quite a fretful porcupine.... They pretend Sophy has a lock of it in her desk, and is obliged to shut it in a clasped book to keep it down." TRADDLES, *D.C.*, 41.

He wore a moustache, a shaggy moustache toc; nothing in the meek and merciful way, but quite in the fierce and scornful style; the regular Satanic sort of thing—and he wore, besides, a vast quantity of unbrushed hair. MONTAGUE TIGG, *M.C.*, 4.

His mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse hard beard... Such hair as he had was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowsy fringe about his ears. QUILP, *O.C.S.*, 2.

Except for the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and going down-hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like a smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best players at leap-frog might have declined him as the most dangerous man in the world to go over. JERRY CRUNCHER, *T.T.C.*, I, 3.

CHARACTER MAKE-UP—II. HAIR PART 2

When he began to have whiskers he left off having brains. TOOTS, *D. & S.*, 11.

With shaggy eyebrows and whiskers like the fibre of a cocoanut, not a hair upon his head. MR. BAGNET, *B.H.*, 26.

In the habit of shaving his head for coolness, and had nothing but little bristles on it. MR. FEEDER, *B.A., D. & S.*, 12.

A little fat man, with a ring of upright black hair round his head, and an extensive bald plain on the top of it. DR. SLAMMER, *P.P.*, 2.

With no great quantity of hair, and what he had, growing on the back and sides of his head. MR. FANG, *O.T.*, 11.

The thick mists hung in clots upon his eyelashes like candied thaw; and, between the fog and fire together, there were rainbows in his very whiskers. PEERY-BINGLE, *C. on H.*

Had a bald and glossy forehead, with a great deal of black hair at the sides and back of his head, and large black whiskers. DOWLER, *P.P.*, 35.

His hair is ragged, mingling with his whiskers and his beard—the latter, ragged too, and grown, like the scum and mist around him, in neglect. NEMO, *B.H.*, 10

He was a jolly-favoured man, with tawny hair and whiskers and a large red face. He was the dead image of the sun in old woodcuts, his hair and whiskers answering for rays all around him. LOBLEY, *E.D.*, 22.

On the speckled side of his face he has no eyebrow, and on the other side he has a bushy black one, which want of uniformity gives him a very singular and rather sinister appearance. PHIL SQUOD, *B.H.*, 21.

Long hair of reddish brown, combed perfectly straight and smooth about his ears, and slightly powdered, but without the faintest vestige of a curl. LORD GEORGE GORDON, *B.R.*, 35.

His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. SQUEERS, *N.V.*, 4.

Very short black hair, shaved off nearly to the crown of his head—to admit of his more easily wearing character wigs of any shape or pattern. VINCENT CRUMMLES, *N.V.*, 22.

Shared with most of the lady inhabitants of the Hole the peculiarity that her hair was a ragged knot, constantly coming down behind, and that she could never enter upon any undertaking without first twisting it into place. PLEASANT RIDERHOOD, *O.M.F.*, 11, 12.

A thick-set personage with a low, retreating forehead, a coarse shock head of hair. DENNIS, *B.R.*, 37.

A twinkling-eyed, purple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head. FRIENDLY WAITER, *D.C.*, 5.

He had long, iron-grey hair . . . his head was furrowed and bald, and the long iron-grey hair grew only on its sides. MAGWITCH, *G.E.*, 39.

His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. BITZER, *H.T.*, 1, 2.

A youth of fifteen . . . whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows, and no eye-lashes. URIAH HEEP, *D.C.*, 15.

Had thin lips, where his thick moustache showed them at all, and a quantity of dry hair, of no definable colour, in its shaggy state, but shot with red. RIGAUD, *L.D.*, 1, 1.

Had a youthful aspect, and the fluffiest little whisker, perhaps, that ever was seen. Such a downy tip was on his callow chin, that he seemed half fledged, like a young bird. BARNACLE, JR., *L.D.*, 1, 10.

His crisp hair curling tighter and tighter on his sunburnt temples the more he rubs it, so that it looks as if it could never be loosened by any less coercive instruments than an iron rake or a curry comb. MR. GEORGE, *B.H.*, 26.

His hair, of which he had a great profusion was red, and hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders, gave to his restless looks an expression quite unearthly—enhanced by the paleness of his complexion, and the glassy lustre of his large protruding eyes. BARNABY RUDGE, *B.R.*, 3.

He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness. BOUNDERBY, *H.T.*, 1, 3.

Upon the upper lip . . . were tokens of a sandy down—so very, very smooth and scant that, though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread, than the fair promise of a moustache. JEFFERSON BRICK, *M.C.*, 16.

Prone to self-examination in the articles of whisker and moustache. While feeling for the whisker that he anxiously expected, Fledgeby underwent remarkable fluctuations of spirits, ranging along the whole scale from confidence to despair . . . He sat facing Georgiana . . . betraying the discomposure of his mind in feeling for his whiskers with his spoon, his wine glass, and his bread. FLEDGEBY, *O.M.F.*, 11, 4.

(Continued at foot of opposite page)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Drawn by]

[Ed. F. Payne

A PROTEST

SIR.—I have read with grave concern the article "Recalled to Life" by H. G. Pfrommer in *The Dickensian*. From a literary point of view it is entirely negligible, but its flippant irreverence is most offensive. There are to my certain knowledge many Dickensians who are definitely Christian believers whatever their denomination, and who have a real sense of Godly fear. I suggest that an editor, even if definitely non-Christian, has no right to publish articles that must inevitably be painful to many of his readers; he should realise that as a gentleman this is bad form.

Dickens himself in all his books never wounded the susceptibilities of his religious readers. We know what he felt about "the wretched mockers of religion without sense to expound its first doctrines or hearts to feel its first principles." You have done much harm.

Yours faithfully,

St. John's Road, Bathwick.

GLANVILL MURRAY.

[I am sorry this article should have given offence to Mr. Murray, and can assure him that this is the only protest I have received. It may interest Mr. Murray to know that the article reached me through Mr. A. W. Edwards, a former Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, to whom it was sent by a friend whom he had met on his visit to Chicago some years ago; and that Mr. Edwards for more than fifty years has been a zealous worker for the Church.—EDITOR.]

THE CAROL IN THE TOY THEATRE

May I mention what is perhaps a unique performance—a combination of gramophone records and the toy theatre? Three "potted" versions of the *Carol* have been issued on gramophone records. None is ideal, but as my son and I happen to be devotees of the "penny plain, twopence coloured" juvenile drama, which Dickens himself knew and relished, we produced a toy theatre version of the *Carol*, using one of the sets of records, with additional incidental music, both ghostly and seasonable. This was repeated for war charities, and will probably become annual. We think it pretty certain that the piece has never before been given in this form. It is rather surprising that the only Dickens book that seems to have been turned into a "juvenile drama" is *Oliver Twist*. The multiplicity of characters in the books is one obvious difficulty.

Hove.

W. R. ANDERSON.

[Mr. Anderson later informs us that the three *Carol* records are as follows: Bransby Williams's Columbia Records Nos. 347, 348; Decca records Nos. K.1078, 1079, 1080 (with Ronald Colman as Scrooge), and a Columbia record which does not appear to be on sale in this country, Set No. 527, price \$3.50. Basil Rathbone is the Scrooge in this version; it is directed by Tom McKnight with music composed by Leith Stevens.—EDITOR.]

OBITUARY

We regret to record the death of His Honor Judge F. W. Howay, a Past President of the Vancouver Branch and a Vice-President of the Fellowship; also of Sir William Holdsworth, O.M., K.C., another of our Vice-Presidents. He was Vinerian Professor of English Law in the University of Oxford, and the author of "Charles Dickens as Legal Historian."

THE FASCINATION OF THE SEA

BY RONALD E. RIGG

I.

MANY readers of Dickens receive the impression that the novelist was so absorbed in the struggle of good against evil in busy towns and cities that he regarded the countryside mainly as something bordering the roads and railways along which he hurried his characters from one place to another, and the sea merely as a means of transporting human beings from some English to some foreign city or returning them from abroad to English town life. But this conception of his attitude towards nature is entirely erroneous and fails to do justice to his comprehensive spirit. There is ample evidence that he was deeply stirred by majestic scenery, and found joy and peace in the prospect of meadows and orchards; that he regarded the sea, not merely as a providential protection for the British nation, or as an arena for the display of the valour and the pomp of heroes by whose constancy Britannia rules the waves, not merely as a beneficent power that provides salubrious air and happy playgrounds for the health and recreation of young and old; but as something sublime and wonderful, terrible and enchanting, masterful and inspiring.

In his very infancy the salt sea waves caressed his spirit; for he was born on the eastern shore of a great harbour, on whose shimmering expanse must have ridden many of the stately ships of the line that had thundered, only a few years before, at Trafalgar and Copenhagen, and were still prepared to do battle against the yet unconquered Emperor of France.

In his early boyhood, during his father's seven years' residence at Chatham, the long estuary of the Medway, on which, Forster tells us, he sailed to Sheerness on the navy-pay yacht, with the ships floating on the tide, filled him "with their far visions of the sea." For his acquaintance with the splendours of the ocean began in the purlieus of the watery kingdom, with observation of tides and land-fringed waters, of ships and wharfs, of sailors and boatmen; though to this limited personal knowledge were added the pictures conjured up in his imagination by his avid reading of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor, and of Commodore Trunnion—pictures of storm and struggle on the high seas. In a passage in *David Copperfield*, of which Forster says, "Every word of this personal recollection had been written down as fact some years before it found its way into *David Copperfield*," Dickens writes: "for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the centre-piece out of an old set of boot trees; the perfect realisation of Captain Somebody, of the royal British Navy, in danger of being beset by savages, and resolved to sell his life at a great price." In the opening paragraph of *The Long Voyage* he says: "When the wind is blowing, and the sleet or rain is driving against the dark windows, I love to sit by the fire, thinking of what I have read in books of voyage and travel. Such books have had a strong fascination for my mind from my earliest childhood; and I wonder it should have come to pass that I have never been round the world, never been shipwrecked, ice-environed, tomahawked or eaten." He proceeds to recall the adventures of Columbus; of Franklin; of Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*; of Thursday October Fletcher, son of one of Bligh's officers and of a savage mother, who, himself only half civilized, leapt aboard His Majesty's ship *Briton* off Pitcairn Island; of certain convicts about whom he read in a parliamentary blue book, who escaped in a boat only to be so maddened

with hunger that they turned cannibal; of the wreck of the East Indianman *Haslewell*, the description of whose loss, he says, had been familiar to him from his early childhood. Something of this true story, so faithfully recollected through long years, and something of the adventures of Captain Bligh, have gone into that splendid tale *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*, while two other stories, *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, and Part Three of *Holiday Romance*, were doubtless inspired by retrospection of his youthful enthusiasms. The former tale, of which Dickens wrote the best part, narrates an attack by ruthless pirates of the eighteenth century on an island called Silver Store, situated in the South American waters off the Mosquito shore—an attack finally driven off by Royal Marines and men of the naval sloop *Columbus*. The latter story, supposed to have been written by Lieutenant-Colonel Robin Redforth, aged nine, portrays the adventures of Captain Boldheart, a pirate, who sails in his schooner *The Beauty* to the China seas. This hero harpoons a whale, takes four Spanish galleons, rescues one of his mutinous crew from the sea, boards and seizes his Latin grammar master's barque, and defeats a horde of savages.

Thus it was with a mind early impressed by the romance of the sea and familiar with the ever-changing panorama of busy estuaries that he found himself, at the age of nine, in the great metropolis, immured in a vast labyrinth of streets. There, suffering poverty, hardship and degradation, he found such natural relief in the observation and study of struggling humanity that that study became his ruling passion. Nevertheless, his passion for the sea, though in the circumstances the flame of it burnt lower, was never extinguished, and presently was to rise high again. He fed it, as best he could, by visits to wharfs and docks on either side of the Thames, where the sea did not seem quite so distant, since there at least were to be met ships and seamen of many types. In such scenes he took a lively interest, finding joy in the picturesqueness of the great tidal stream and its burden of boats, and experiencing distress in the squalor that surrounded and invaded dockland. Even after he had become familiar with the broad ocean he added not a little to his sea lore by renewed visits to dockland and by occasional trips on steamboats that plied on the estuary of the Thames. Vivid glimpses of scenes thus impressed on his mind are to be found in several passages in his novels, articles and letters: in those early sketches entitled *The River*, *The Tuggses at Ramsgate* and *The Steam Excursion*; in the episodes of the deaths of Quilp and of Bill Sikes; in the visit of Florence Dombey and her friends to Captain Bunsby of the *Cautious Clara*; in the activities of Rogue Riderhood and his circle; in Bella Wilfer's voyage to Greenwich; in the adventurous attempt made by Pip and Herbert Pocket to save Magwitch by rowing to intercept the Hamburg steamer—to describe which episode vividly Dickens chartered a small steamer from Blackwall to Southend so that he could ascertain the proper course of a boat being rowed against the flood tide in the direction taken by Pip; in the papers entitled *Down with the Tide* and *Bound for the Great Salt Lake*; and in letters, one of which, written to Forster in 1848, contains a striking description of a Chinese junk.* “Drive down to the Blackwall railway,” he wrote, “and for a matter of eighteenpence you are at the Chinese Empire in no time. . . . How the flowery region ever came into this latitude and longitude is the first thing one asks; and it is not certainly the least of the marvel. As Aladdin's palace was transported hither and thither by the rubbing of a lamp, so the crew of Chinamen aboard the Keying devoutly believed that their good ship

* This was subsequently elaborated in an article in “The Examiner” entitled *The Chinese Junk*, republished in *Miscellaneous Papers*.

would turn up, quite safe, at the desired port, if they only tied red rags enough upon the mast, rudder and cable. Somehow they did not succeed. Perhaps they ran short of rag; at any rate they hadn't enough on board to keep them above water; and to the bottom they would undoubtedly have gone but for the skill and coolness of a dozen English sailors, who brought them over the ocean in safety. Well, if there be any one thing in the world that this extraordinary craft is not at all like, that thing is a ship of any kind. So narrow, so long, so grotesque; so low in the middle, so high at each end, like a China pen-tray; with no rigging, with nowhere to go aloft; with mats for sails, great warped cigars for masts, gaudy dragons and sea-monsters disporting themselves from stem to stern, and on the stern a gigantic cock of impossible aspect, defying the world (as well he may) to produce his equal."

Throughout his life Dickens was fascinated by what ports and roadsteads revealed to him of the results of man's heroic contest with the sea; the noble vessels riding at anchor, or setting out on uncertain voyages, or returning triumphantly to harbour; the lesser craft that expedited the traffic of home waters; the innumerable cargoes and accessories of nautical gear; the seamen who endured the rigour of the elements and the discomfort of sordid surroundings and ill-usage on land. For even as an ardent mountaineer not only contemplates sublime and glistening peaks, but also takes heed of all the ways by which they may be reached and all the equipment by which he may escape disaster and overcome obstacles, so a true lover of the sea makes himself acquainted with all that pertains to its conquest and the enjoyment thereof. In the paper entitled *Chatham Dockyard* Dickens shows that in later years, as well as in youth, he found delight in the busy outskirts of the ocean.

"There are," he says, "some small out-of-the-way landing-places on the Thames and the Medway where I do much of my summer idling. Running water is favourable to day-dreams, and a strong tidal river is the best of running water for mine. I like to watch the great ships standing out to sea or coming home richly laden, the active little steam-tugs confidently puffing with them to and from the sea-horizon, the fleet of barges that seem to have plucked their brown and russet sails from the ripe trees in the landscape, the heavy old colliers, light in ballast, floundering down before the tide, the light screw barks and schooners imperiously holding a straight course while the others patiently tack and go about, the yachts with their tiny hulls and great white sheets of canvas, the little sailing-boats bobbing to and fro on their errands of pleasure or business, and—as it is the nature of little people to do—making a prodigious fuss about their small affairs.

In a later passage of the same paper he ponders over the *Achilles*, "iron armour-plated ship," then in course of construction in the dockyard. "Twelve hundred hammerers," he exclaims, "measurers, caulkers, armourers, forgers, smiths, shipwrights; twelve hundred dingers, clashers, dongers, rattlers, clinkers, bangers, bangers, bangers! Yet all this stupendous uproar around the rising Achilles is as nothing to the reverberations with which the perfected Achilles shall resound upon the dreadful day when the full work is in hand for which this is but note of preparation—the day when the scuppers that are now fitting like great dry thirsty conduit-pipes, shall run red." A little further on he wonders "that this Achilles, monstrous compound of iron tank and oaken chest, can ever swim or roll!" As he gazes at the great hull, he becomes, as he says, "possessed by the fancy that it is an enormous immovable edifice set up in an ancient amphitheatre (say, that at Verona), and almost filling it. Yet," he proceeds, "what would even these things be, without the tributary workshops and the

mechanical powers for piercing the iron plates—four inches and a half thick—for rivets, shaping them under hydraulic pressure to the finest tapering turns of the ship's lines, and paring them away, with knives shaped like the beaks of strong and cruel birds, to the nicest requirements of the design."

He inspects, with further wonder and delight, the workshops where were made all the oars used in the British Navy, and rhapsodises over the exquisite beauty and efficiency of the machinery employed in this work. Then he observes "a transport ship (iron-screw) just sent in from the contractor's yard to be inspected and passed." He goes aboard her. "She is," he says, "a very gratifying experience, in the simplicity and humanity of her arrangements for troops, in her provision for light and air and cleanliness, and in her care for women and children. . . . Though still we may learn," he continues, "from the astounding ways and means in our yards now, more highly than ever to respect the forefathers who got to sea, and fought the sea, and held the sea, without them."

II.

Other papers and passages testify to the novelist's deep concern in the welfare of passengers and sailors. In *Bound for the Great Salt Lake*—which, incidentally, contains an excellent description of "that part of London generally known to the initiated as 'Down by the docks,'"—he commends the careful arrangements made by Mormon agents responsible for transporting across the Atlantic, on board the *Amazon*, eight hundred emigrants bound for Utah. On the other hand, he condemns the lack of official supervision of the pitiable steerage passengers he found on the sailing ship on which he returned from his first visit to America. "The whole system of shipping and conveying these unfortunate persons," he writes, "is one that stands in need of thorough revision. If any class deserve to be protected and assisted by Government, it is that class who are banished from their native land in search of the bare means of subsistence." He lays no blame upon the captain and officers, who did all they could to make the voyage tolerable for these poor people. But he demands that the law should intervene to prevent overcrowding, to provide decent accommodation, to inspect a poor emigrant's stock of provisions, to furnish medical attendance. In *The Great Tasmanian Cargo*, another of the papers that make up *The Uncommercial Traveller*, he exposes the wretched conditions under which a number of discharged soldiers—some of Havelock's men among them—had been sent home from India. Many of the men had no hammocks, the food was bad, and several soldiers had to sell their clothes for drink. Dickens found a number of these veterans lying in hospital beds in a Liverpool work-house, racked with dysentery and blackened with scurvy. He concludes his paper with these words: "No punishment that our inefficient laws provide is worthy of the name when set against the guilt of this transaction. But, if the memory of it die out unavenged, and if it do not result in the inexorable dismissal and disgrace of those who are responsible for it, their escape will be infamous to the Government (no matter of what party) that so neglects its duty, and infamous to the nation that tamely suffers such intolerable wrong to be done in its name."

In a letter to Forster he comments caustically on the overcrowding of the "new express English ship" in which he travelled from Genoa to Naples in 1853. "The scene on board," he writes, "beggars description. Ladies on the tables; gentlemen under the tables . . . and ladies and gentlemen lying indiscriminately on the open deck, arranged like spoons on a sideboard. No mattresses, no blankets,

nothing. Towards midnight attempts were made, by means of awnings and flags, to make this latter scene remotely approach an Australian encampment; and we three (Collins, Egg and myself) lay together on the bare planks covered with our coats. We were all gradually dozing off, when a perfectly tropical rain fell, and in a moment drowned the whole ship. The rest of the night we passed upon the stairs, with an immense jumble of men and women." He proceeds to praise the extraordinary good humour of the English passengers on board, and the efforts made by the ship's officers to improve matters. But while he was offered a state-room by one of the passengers, Collins and Egg thought themselves lucky to find accommodation in the store-room down by the hold, where, Dickens says, "they slept with the moist sugar, the cheese in cut, the spices, the cruets, the apples and pears, in a perfect chandler's shop; a wet gent, a cat, and a steward! We were," he proceeds, "with the crew—some 200 people—provided with boats, at the utmost stretch, for one hundred perhaps."

In an earlier letter, he revealed the risks to which the passengers on board the Cunard paddle-steamer *Britannia*, in which he made his first crossing of the Atlantic, were exposed in the terrible gale encountered. The ship was of 1200 tons burden only, yet it set out on its voyage with a weight of 700 tons in coal alone; a weight daily decreased, so that it was overladen in the initial stages of the voyage, and too light in the final stages. Further, it carried no boats, although it was in danger of being rent into fragments in a heavy sea by the struggling of its enormous machinery, or of being set on fire by the collapse of the forty-foot funnel, out of which flames belched continuously. When he went on deck one morning he saw that the funnel was held up by a perfect forest of chains and ropes, which had been rigged in the night. The captain told him that he had had men lashed, hoisted up and swinging there all through the gale, getting those stays about the funnel.

A pleasant contrast to these strictures on inadequate provision for the safety and comfort of passengers is afforded by the following passage from *American Notes*: "There is one American boat—the vessel which carried us on Lake Champlain, from St. John's to Whitehall—which I praise very highly, but no more than it deserves, when I say that it is superior even to that in which we went from Queenstown to Toronto, or to that in which we travelled from the latter place to Kingston, or I have no doubt I may add, to any other in the world. This steamboat . . . is a perfectly exquisite achievement of neatness, elegance and order. The decks are drawing-rooms; the cabins are boudoirs, choicely furnished and adorned with prints, pictures, and musical instruments; every nook and corner in the vessel is a perfect curiosity of graceful comfort and beautiful contrivance."

Dickens was as deeply interested in the well-being of the common sailor as of the ordinary passenger. He shows his disgust at Pleasant Riderhood's attempt to lure sailors into her wretched pawnshop in Limehouse Hole by displaying in the window the inscription "Seaman's Boarding-House." "Pleasant Riderhood," he says, "had it in the blood, or had been trained, to regard seamen, within certain limits, as her prey." So, apparently, did a multitude of questionable proprietors of public-houses and cheap lodging-houses. In Liverpool, Dickens accompanied the police one night on a tour of inspection of such places, "that I might have a look," he says, "at the various unlawful traps which are every night set for Jack." They entered such miserable places that, he exclaims, if he were Jack he would give them a wider berth. Most of the paper entitled *Poor Mercantile Jack* is devoted to a description of these traps for sailors, and at the end he writes: "When I at last ended this night of travel and got to

bed, I failed to keep my mind on comfortable thoughts of Seaman's Homes (not overdone with strictness), and improved dock regulations giving Jack greater benefit of fire and candle aboard ship, through my mind's wandering among the vermin I had seen. . . . Evermore, when on a breezy day I see Poor Mercantile Jack running into port with a fair wind under all sail, I shall think of the unsleeping host of devourers who never go to bed, and are always in their set traps waiting for him."

He deeply sympathizes, too, with the treatment meted out to the mercantile sailor on board ship. "Is the sweet little cherub," he asks, "who sits smiling aloft and keeps watch on the life of poor Jack, commissioned to take charge of mercantile Jack, as well as Jack of the national navy? If not, who is? What is the cherub about, and what are we all about, when poor Mercantile Jack is having his brains slowly knocked about by pennyweights, aboard the brig Beelzebub, or the barque Bowie-Knife—when he looks his last at that infernal crafts with the first officer's iron boot-heel in his remaining eye, or with his dying body towed overboard in the ship's wake, while the cruel wound, in it do 'the multitudinous seas incarnadine'?" From such brutality it appears, Captain Bunsby had suffered in his apprenticeship, having survived only because of the thickness of his head. No doubt he, too, had in his time been put to some of the tasks enumerated in this paper. "Mercantile Jack," says Dickens, "was hard at it, in the hard weather; as he mostly is in all weathers, poor Jack. He was girded to ships' masts and funnels of steamers, like a forester to a great oak, scraping and painting; he was lying out on yards, furling sails that tried to beat him off; he was dimly discernible in a world of giant cobwebs, reefing and splicing; he was faintly audible in holds, storing and unshipping cargo; he was winding round and round at capstans melodious, monotonous, and drunk; he was of a diabolical aspect, with coaling for the Antipodes; he was washing decks barefoot, with the breast of his red shirt open to the blast, though it was sharper than the knife in his leathern girdle; he was looking over bulwarks, all eyes and hair; he was standing by the shoot of the Cunard steamer, off to-morrow, as the stocks in trade of several butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers, poured down into the ice-house; he was coming aboard of other vessels, with his kit in a tarpaulin bag, attended by plunderers to the very last moment of his shore-going existence."

Dickens almost invariably shows compassion or admiration for seamen. Of the captain of the *Britannia* he writes: "Now, by all our hopes and wishes, the very man he ought to be! A well-made, tight-built, dapper little fellow; with a ruddy face, which is a letter of invitation to shake him by both hands at once; and with a clear, blue, honest eye, that it does one good to see one's sparkling image in"; and in a letter to Forster he praises Captain Hewitt's self-possession and competence in the midst of the general consternation when the steamer struck on a sandbank in Halifax harbour during a fog. Captain Cook, of the *Russia*, in which he returned from his second visit to the United States, he obviously admired. Captain Sherman, who directed the furnishing of that elegant steamer plying on Lake Champlain, is given ungrudging praise for his ingenuity and excellent taste, as well as for his courage displayed on several occasions. Of the captain of a Boulogne steamer, who for a while had been suspected of having stolen specie in his possession, Dickens remarks to Forster, "Such an honest, simple, good fellow, I never saw"; while the captain of that overcrowded Mediterranean express English ship is characterised as "a capital fellow." In *The Long Voyage* Dickens recounts with circumstance the gallant conduct of the officers of the *Haslewell* as she was being dashed to pieces on the island of Purbeck.

He loved also the humbler seafaring folk : pilots, boatswains, stewards, cooks, common sailors, fishermen, boatmen. In *Our English Watering Place* he remarks on the ease of approach existing between the children on the sands and the boatmen. "You will come upon one of those slow heavy fellows," he says, "sitting down patiently mending a little ship for a mite of a boy," and he speaks of the natural propriety in the companionship of these rough men and smooth little creatures ; "always to be noted," he continued, "in confidence between a child and a person who has any merit of reality and genuineness." In *Out of Season* he quotes the story told him by a certain landsman, who was talking to a grocer near the pier when a sound came through the stillness from the sea, "like a great sorrowful flute or Aeolian harp." To their surprise the hovellers (which is the Kentish name for long-shore boatmen) without hesitation leapt into their boats, hurriedly hoisted sail, and set out to what they knew was a ship in distress.

This true incident recalls the noble conduct and sacrifice of Ham in *David Copperfield*, in reference to which novel Forster writes : "The author's own favourite people in it, I think, were the Peggotty group ; and perhaps he was not far wrong . . . he has nowhere given happier embodiment to that purity of homely goodness, which, by the kindly and all-reconciling influence of humour, may exalt into comeliness and even grandeur the clumsiest forms of humanity," and Forster expresses the opinion that in these boatmen rude affection and simple manliness, passed through the fires of unmerited suffering and heroic endurance, take forms half chivalrous, half-sublime.

Indeed, though a few of the seamen of his works of fiction are neither chivalrous nor sublime, most of them are splendid characters. Witness Captain Ravender, of the *Golden Mary*, and his mates, John Steadman and William Rames ; how heroically they behave in the face of the impending wreck. Witness Alan Woodcourt, naval surgeon, heroic also in shipwreck. Witness Captain Morgan, of the naval sloop *Columbus*, who, in spite of sickness and treachery and official opposition, manfully does his duty in action against a swarm of pirates. Witness Captain (later Admiral) Carton, who nobly seconds him. Witness Captain Swosser, of the Royal Navy, Mrs. Badger's first husband, whom she so often quoted and pronounced to be a first-class man. Witness the handsome, grey-haired ex-naval officer Jack Grosvenor, with his cheery frank smile, a man of wonderful resources, whom his former shipmates styled a prince of men. Witness Captain Jorgan, a New Englander, yet a citizen of the world, a combination of the best qualities of its best countries. Witness his friend, Alfred Raybrook, the stout-hearted Devonshire fisherman. Witness Captain Helves, of the excursion steamer *Endeavour*, hired by Noakes and his friends for a trip down the estuary of the Thames—how patient he was with the party, and how he tried to keep them cheerful by his stories and his participation in the dancing on board. Witness the retired First Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, Tartar, so pleasant, so unselfish, so neat and resourceful in the arrangement of his rooms. Witness the half-pay naval officer of *Our Parish* who, though cantankerous, was "a charitable, open-hearted fellow, at bottom." Witness Bulph, the pilot with whom Vincent Crumbles lodged at Portsmouth, who kept the exterior of his little house so spotless and shining. Witness that ex-pilot and ex-skipper, Captain Cuttle, whose heart was as tender as a woman's. Witness his crony, Captain Bunsby, who, in spite of ignorance and taciturnity, was a good man and true.

In *The Long Voyage* and in *Lost Arctic Explorers* Dickens displays further his veneration of those who deliberately risk their lives on the ocean for some great advantage to mankind ; and if, in the abodes of the blessed, he is still cognisant of mundane events, how his heart

must exult in the honour and glory attached to his grandson, Rear-Admiral Gerald Charles Dickens, who saw action in the Dardanelles, and, after the First Great War, hoisted his flag on the *Repulse*, and was later put in command of the Reserve Fleet; and to the Admiral's son, Lieutenant Peter Dickens, who has won fame in the present war as one of the most gallant officers of the Navy's coastal force.

(To be continued)



THROUGH MY EYES TO DICKENS

BY KENNETH EASTAUGH*

I FIRST came into contact with Charles Dickens, to be precise, on December 19th, 1941. How and where it came about is a story in itself; where it came about was in the Preston Harris Library, and how I will try to explain.

Having only just joined the Library, and not, shall I say, knowing my way about yet, I was on the hunt for all the bright coloured books I could find and it was while I was on one of these excursions that my gaze was arrested by a dazzling orange-backed book lying on the shelf; a look at it served the purpose of showing me that it was a new one. The author, Dickens. The book, *Great Expectations*.

Ashamed to say I had never heard of the author or in fact the book, and if I had I had not taken much notice; was he a good writer and was it a good book; anyway I took it for two reasons: one, it was a new book; two, I wished to be the first to have it out, and though rather selfish of me, I have never yet and never will repent it.

That briefly is how I came to start reading Dickens, and since then, I have read thirteen other books by the same author and four biographies dealing with him, among which is the one by Forster.

Out of fourteen books by Dickens which I have read, I think the most vivid *Copperfield*, the most humorous *Pickwick*, the most melancholy *Dombey and Son*, and the most boisterous *A Tale of Two Cities*. Besides these I have read *Oliver Twist*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Sketches by Boz*, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and one or two others.

Charles Dickens has created many hundreds of characters, but the one which appeals to me the most is the dissolute hero of *A Tale of Two Cities*, Sidney Carton. His indifference, his cool, calm determination, his courage, his noble sacrifice all lead me to proclaim him my most delightful character.

His moving and dramatic speech while the gallows grinned in his face moves all hearts in his favour and touches a tender chord. The passage is to quote:

"It is a far, far better thing I do, than I have ever done before; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

No wonder it is taken as a classic passage and shows the remarkable gift of our master novelist.

Though the character I like best is in *A Tale of Two Cities*, it is not my favourite book. This place is occupied by either *Copperfield* or *Pickwick*, which it is I cannot yet say. For the humorous, and I think I might say comical, I will definitely choose *Pickwick*, but for the one most, shall I say, non-fictional *Copperfield* is without a doubt my choice. You may have your favourite one, so far I have two. For without Micawber I would certainly hail *Pickwick* as the superior, and without the Weller family *Copperfield* I would assert as the better. But to put an end to all this argument, I choose another book as my favourite, namely, Charles Dickens, a volume which includes *Pickwick* and *Copperfield*, and a score of others, in whose fascinating pages millions have found friends, and to whom thousands have been grateful.

And yet to end this little reminiscence, I will, at least for once, be, as far as I can, practical and would just like to say that in my esteem the masterpiece of Charles Dickens is *The Pickwick Papers*, and I hope that all those who disagree with me will accept my humblest apologies. Thank you.

* Of Preston, aged 14 years 10 months.

TWICE TWENTY-ONE

THE FELLOWSHIP IN RETROSPECT

BY WALTER DEXTER

IV. THE SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION

HAVING weathered the storm of the first year, cut adrift from "Household Words," and jettisoned those members still on its staff, directly or indirectly, the Fellowship settled down to its second year with high hopes. Its paid-up membership was 3464; of these over two thousand were London members, the remainder being spread over fifteen branches.

There was tempestuous weather ahead, however. The branches had been formed indiscriminately, and without any proper control; many were in the hands of unsuitable people; there were repeated reports of monies collected by branch secretaries for charitable purposes, being diverted to other purposes. Enquiries into such matters took up much of the time of the hard-worked Hon. Secretary, Matz, and of the Council; solicitors had to be consulted and branch meetings attended. In addition, there were other troubles; these mostly related to the subscription.

So early as May, 1903, F. G. Kitton had expressed his opinion at a Council meeting, that "it was impossible to promote the objects of the Fellowship on the basis of so small a sum as a shilling a member." "This point," the minutes state, "raised a very important question, and one that had already given rise to serious misgivings as to the success of the coming year unless something was done to place the Fellowship on a sounder financial footing." Accordingly a special meeting was set aside to consider the matter, and at another meeting three weeks later a letter was read from Snowden Ward with suggestions. But the general feeling was that "it would be unwise to impose a larger subscription on the London members. The Fellowship was to be within the reach of all," the minute continues, "and we could not depart from that principle." Here we can see the "Household Words" influence at work; all they were concerned with was the circulation of their periodical. Those outside had a wider vision! A compromise was effected, and the rule was altered by the addition of the word "minimum," thus leaving those who wished to pay more, free to do so. But in such cases the "minimum" always turns out to be the "actual," and there was no exception in the case of the Dickens Fellowship.

With the dawn of the second year, branches also began to find that the shilling subscription was unworkable; and whilst London still firmly advocated that the payment of one shilling was all that was necessary to join the Fellowship, branches complained that having to remit to London fourpence in respect to each new member, and twopence on renewals, very little was left for their own expenses. The alteration in the reading of the rule regarding subscription led to a misunderstanding, and a deal of trouble. Some branches actually fixed their subscription at more than one shilling. As this was not in the spirit of the rules, their attention had to be drawn to the matter, thus entailing much discussion. At last, after the end of the third year, Headquarters bowed to the inevitable and allowed branches to fix their own subscriptions, so long as a would-be member who did not wish to pay more than one shilling was not debarred from membership—a cumbersome and unworkable arrangement. In return for this the levy on subscriptions payable to London was amended to read "in the shilling" instead of "per member." This again, unfortunately, led to more wrangling, as some branches, to evade their liability,

divided their subscription into two parts, a shilling to the Fellowship and the remainder to "local expenses." In this way they claimed that their subscription was still only one shilling, and so they remitted the levy on that amount instead of on the gross subscription. There was, alas, in those days, little harmony between branches and the headquarters in London on matters financial.

The accounts at the end of the first year showed a small balance of income over expenditure; and had the 3464 members renewed their subscriptions, all might have been well. But one half of them did not. The second year ended with an advance of only one hundred and nine on the previous year; yet there were 1816 new members. Thus no less than 1707 had failed to renew.* What was the reason? One cannot put it down to the loss of the support of "Household Words," because another organ, "The Golden Penny," was soon found, and must have played its part in securing many of the 1816 new members. Every member received by post a well-produced and interesting Annual Report (almost half the size of the current number of *The Dickensian*) with a form for the renewal of subscription, but the desired result was not realised. I can only offer as one explanation—a shilling was too trifling a sum for members to worry about remitting; such people could have had no faith in a shilling society being a success; they did not regularly attend the meetings, and so lost touch.

The shilling subscription was affecting London in another way. Of the fifteen branches formed during the first year, four were in the suburbs of London. These naturally took away members from Headquarters, as the parent body in London came to be called, which received only fourpence from each instead of a whole shilling (in the next year the amount remitted for renewals would be only twopence). A report of the February (1904) Council meeting gave the paid membership as 2907, of which 1673 were branch members, leaving 1234 attached to Headquarters. The amount of cash at the disposal of London was thus ever decreasing, whilst expenses continued as before. A large hall was necessary for the monthly meetings, and branch members were eligible to, and did, attend them as well as their local meetings; surely a wonderful return for their shilling subscription.

It is unnecessary to go into fuller detail in the matter of the shilling subscription which occupied many valuable hours of Council and Conference for years; but some mention has to be made of this to show how early in our history it was recognised that the shilling subscription was wrong. It was economically unsound, and I would not devote so much space to it were not some branches still obsessed with the idea that Dickens means cheapness; that they must at all costs cater for the poorest member. We still receive letters from branches to say they cannot think of increasing the amount of their subscription (although confessing that without donations they could not make ends meet) because if they did several of their members, living on small fixed incomes, would have to resign. There was never, in my opinion, a more foolish and short-sighted policy. The Fellowship does not exist for the minority; and a study of the life of Dickens is all that is necessary to show an advocate of this idea that it is far from being "un-Dickensian," as so often suggested. In this I am reminded that in the pre-1914-war days, when "boiled shirts" were to the fore on all ceremonial occasions, there was great opposition on the part of a certain section of the members appearing at Birthday Celebrations

* This state of things was not peculiar to the second year. In 1904-5 there were only 2077 renewals out of 3573, with 2423 new members. Later Annual Reports do not give particulars of renewals and new members, but the minutes for the first few years show that almost invariably there were only 50 per cent. renewals; thus 1905-6 commenced with 4500 members and ended with 5002. In May, 1906, the membership was reported as 2413 renewals, 2122 new members.

and Conference Dinners in evening dress. It was "so un-Dickensian," they would allege. To be "Dickensian" was to appeal only to the poorest; to organise any function, even a Dinner, at a cost of more than half-a-crown was not in accord with the teaching of Dickens and must be opposed at all costs! It was some years before many were convinced; and "Evening Dress Optional" appeared on far too many invitations whose occasion warranted more fitting apparel.

The waverers were only convinced (and then possibly only partially) when they were shown the announcements of Dickens's theatrical performances, at the foot of which were the words "Evening dress in all parts of the house." "In all parts," mark you; even in the Pit and Gallery, where it is not customary to sit in evening dress. But the occasion warranted it, and Dickens was not one to "spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar."

I give two further examples. During the first two years there was organised a fund to provide poor children with Christmas treats, consisting of a hot dinner followed by an entertainment. Only £90 was subscribed the first year, in spite of over three thousand members and the support of "Household Words"; £55 10s. was the next year's total. Early in 1905 the Council issued an appeal for a "National Dickens Library," the nucleus of which was to be the late F. G. Kitton's collection. An appeal in the press and in *The Dickensian* resulted the first month in six people subscribing a total of £3 12s. 0d.; the second month's total was £2 9s. 6d. from eight subscribers!*

The fact is that the shilling subscription was not enough to cover all the ramifications of the activities of the Fellowship, and crippled any effort beyond a bare keeping of register, etc., and holding occasional meetings. A bold stroke of raising the subscription to a reasonable figure would have made the position of the society secure, and would have enabled the Council to do many things that had perforce to be postponed for years.

V. THE HON. SECRETARYSHIP.

At a meeting of the Council on September 14th, 1904, the Hon. Secretary gave notice of his desire to relinquish his office at the end of the year. There was, of course, no question of Matz leaving the Fellowship in the lurch; he had had a strenuous two years' work; moreover there was the possibility of the Fellowship issuing its own magazine, and he was to edit it. I think both he and Haslam had already in mind the person who would succeed to the secretaryship. However Haslam, who was in the chair, asked if any member had any suggestion to make as to a successor to Matz. The only response was from Robert Allbut, who offered his services provided some remuneration could be offered. The matter was then postponed for later consideration. In any case, apart from remuneration, Allbut, well known for his "Rambles in Dickensland," was 72 years of age and too old a man to undertake so exacting an office.

At the second Annual Meeting a month later, J. W. T. Ley was elected to the Council. This meeting entrusted to the Council the appointment of the two principal officers (Arthur Haslam, who had been Hon. Treasurer for a short time, had also resigned); and a week later Ley was elected Hon. General Secretary, with Sydney Marriott (Hon. Treasurer of the Brixton Branch) as Hon. Financial Secretary and Treasurer.

* Only £80 was subscribed by March, 1907 (*i.e.* after two years). Then the matter was taken up by "T.P.'s Weekly," and the following year the fund reached £250. This was handed to Mrs. Kitton, and the collection housed in Guildhall, London. In 1925 the City Corporation returned the whole collection to the care of the Fellowship, and it is now in the Dickens House.

Ley had lately come to London to assist Haslam in the editorship of "The Easy Chair," a new penny weekly periodical in which Haslam was financially interested. He was a young man of about twenty-three who had been on the staff of the "Bristol Mercury" for some years. He was a keen Dickensian and had founded the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society a few months before the establishment of the Fellowship. In addition to this, he was without ties in London, and pre-eminently the man for the job.

The third year of the Fellowship, with Matz editing *The Dickensian*, and Ley and Marriot in managerial positions, opened well. The membership had increased by just under a thousand, and the number of branches was now thirty-one. The London members' subscriptions had, however, dropped from £150 to £107; but the adverse position was saved by a donation of £20 from Lord James of Hereford, and the year closed with £53 cash in hand and only £32 liabilities.

Business seems to have run quite harmoniously during the year; Ley was free to give more time to the Fellowship, as, unfortunately for him, "The Easy Chair" had ceased early in 1905. The bulk of the clerical work, however, fell on Marriott. He was in the Admiralty, only a few minutes' walk from the Fellowship's office in Whitcomb Street, and could easily give an hour daily.

At a Council meeting in September, after the audited accounts had been passed, and fully aware that even taking into account the £20 donation referred to above (a non-recurring item) £6 more had been spent that year than had been received, Haslam proposed that the Secretary should receive a salary of £80 per annum. That was quite in accord with Haslam's large-handed way!; he would propose grandiose schemes without troubling about financial considerations; and such was his personality that he carried the Council with him. In making the proposition Haslam said he felt sure the members would respond to an appeal to increase their subscriptions, and recommended that a paragraph should be inserted to this effect in the Annual Report. The "par" was increased to a whole page, in special large type, explaining how it "was impossible for anyone to carry out the work in his spare time" and that "with an enthusiastic secretary devoting the whole of his energies to the work of organisation, very much would be done to increase the size and influence of the society. . . . There is no society which expects so much from its chief officer without payment, and it is not in the least an exaggeration to say that unless something is done immediately the Fellowship must suffer seriously."

Seldom has there been a finer example of ill-placed optimism than this. The appeal fell on deaf ears. To meet the additional £80 it would be necessary for each London member to double his present subscription; and we have already seen that the shilling subscriber was not that way inclined! The Fellowship *did* "suffer seriously"; subscriptions actually fell from £107 to £92 during the next twelve months. The Council should have seen this possibility; the recurrent loss of fifty per cent. of the members each year should have been a sufficient warning. They had already had experience of the futility of appealing for donations for special objects, as I have shown in the previous chapter.

It did not seem to matter to Haslam if the Fellowship had overspent its income; he did not stop to consider Ley's colleague Marriott, whose work for the society at the time was quite as important and time-exacting as Ley's. Marriott held a good position at the Admiralty, and further, was of the firm opinion that all the Fellowship's officers should be honorary, as they had been hitherto, and as they again became after Ley's resignation three-and-a-half years later, and are to the present day. However, his was the only dissentient voice

against Haslam's proposal, and it was passed at the ensuing Annual Meeting with the substitution of "honorary" for "salary"—a nice distinction, but it made Ley's office an "honorary" one the same as Marriott's.

I was elected to the Council at the Annual Meeting which sanctioned this rash expenditure; there were several hundred members present, and all voted in favour, but failed to foot the bill! Within a couple of years the Fellowship was on the verge of bankruptcy.

(To be continued)



THE PRINTERS' DEVIL: A CENTENARY

DICKENS was twice Chairman at Festivals of the Printers' Pension Society; the first time just over a century ago, and the second, twenty-one years later. His speeches on both occasions have been included in an account of the history and objects of the Society, edited by Walter Hutchinson, M.A. the Chairman of the 1943 Festival.* Dickens's striking tributes to the printer have a very special appeal to-day. "The tyrants and humbugs . . . in Europe," said Dickens in one of them, "would gladly pension off all the printers throughout the world and have done with it; but let the friends of education and progress unite in pensioning off the worn and afflicted printers, and the remainder would ultimately press the tyrants and humbugs off the face of the earth; for if ever they are to be pressed out, the Printer's is the press that will do it."

The Society was only sixteen years old then; and the amount raised at the Festival was £298—the best since Lord John Russell was in the chair in 1828. At the Festival of 1864 the total amount received was £544—bettered only once in the intervening twenty-one years. But great progress has been made since then. Over £107,000 was raised in the past year, it was announced at the Festival meeting, and in his address Mr. Walter Hutchinson said that Dickens had probably given greater employment to the printing trade than any other author.

LIVERPOOL DOINGS

DESPITE the fact that we lost our meeting place by enemy action in May, 1941, we managed to find another, and have carried on surprisingly well.

Because of the black-out we hold our meetings on Saturday afternoons, and at the conclusion adjourn to a neighbouring café where tea is awaiting us. This happy ending to an enjoyable afternoon is much appreciated, as we are unable to hold the socials, whist drives and dramatic entertainments of pre-war days. The first half-hour is taken by two members—different each time—who read a portion of the book of the year. Then follows the main objective, papers, lectures, or dramatic excerpts, etc., given by the members. These are always of a very high order and call for debate.

We deeply regret the passing of three of our members. New ones have been enrolled, and have rapidly settled down to participation in the programme. We welcome with "great expectation" each number of *The Dickensian* as it appears, cheerfully paying the extra cost knowing we obtain full value for the money thus spent.

E. M. H.

BOOKS FOR PEACE AND WAR

MARSHAL TITO, head of the Yugo-Slav resistance movement, is fond of literature, we are told. During his campaigns of 1943 he carried with him a copy of "War and Peace," often re-reading its descriptions of the guerilla fighting of 1812. Another favourite of his is *Pickwick*. And Group Captain Frank Whittle, the inventor of the jet-propelled plane, is devoted to Dickens. "His books are constant, and they soothe him," said his wife recently.

* *The Printers' Devil*. An account of the history and objects of the Printers' Pension Corporation, edited by Walter Hutchinson, M.A.; compiled by John Creasey. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.net.

DICKENSIANA

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"The Unsolved Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Weaver Smith (illustrated). "Everybody's Weekly," 25th September, 1943.

"Three Christmases." "The Times Literary Supplement," 13th, 20th November.

"A Few Notes on Dickens," by Arnold Sherring. "Paisley Daily Express," 19th November.

"The Gordon Riots" ("War-less Pot-pourri"), by J. H. B. "Rochester Journal," 17th November.

"The Feast of Fellowship" (The *Carol*), by Ernest H. Jeffs. "Christian World," 3rd December.

"The Dickens World a Hundred Years After," by Ernest H. Jeffs. "Christian World," 3rd December.

"Birth of *A Christmas Carol*," by L. A. G. Strong. "John O'London's Weekly," 3rd December.

"Charles Dickens and Notts.," by "Historicus." "Notts. Guardian Weekly," 4th December.

"Centenary of the *Carol*," by Rev. W. Harold Tebbit. "Baptist Times," 9th December.

"A Christmas Carol," by Rev. W. Bardsley Brash, M.A. "Methodist Recorder," 16th December.

"A Christmas Carol," by W. M. Palmer. "The Spectator," 17th December.

"Cobham, Kent," by Christopher Hussey (illustrated). "Country Life," 24th December.

"The Golfers' Christmas," by Bernard Darwin. "Country Life," 24th December.

"The *Carol's* Centenary" (Leader). "Times," 18th December.

"A Book's Birthday" (Leader). "The Observer," 19th December.

"*A Christmas Carol*" Centenary." "Yorkshire Post," 21st December.

"Dickens and *A Christmas Carol* Centenary." "Public Opinion," 24th December.

"Seasonable Reminders." "Liverpool Daily Post," 20th December.

"Centenary of *A Christmas Carol*," by Geo. W. Cooper. "Publishers' Circular," 25th December.

"A Christmas Centenary," by Sean O'Faolain. "Irish Times," 18th December.

"Christmas Thoughts," by Candidus. "Daily Sketch," 23rd December.

"Christmas, 1943." "The Inquirer," 18th December.

"Christmas at Home," by A. C. Holliday. "Rochester Journal," 22nd December.

"This Story has Stirred us for 100 Years," by Patrick Kirwan. "Evening Standard," 23rd December.

"Tiny Tim is 100 years old" (illustrated), by R. Weaver Smith. "Everybody's Weekly," 25th December.

"The *Carol's* Centenary." "Bristol Evening Post," 18th December.

"Many Happy Returns." "Huddersfield Daily Examiner," 22nd December.

"The Real Mr. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall." "Darlington Times," 24th December.

"*Christmas Carol* Centenary," by E. H. R. "Birmingham Mail," 23rd December.

"*Christmas Carol*." "Church Times," 24th December.

"*A Christmas Carol*." "West Herts. Observer," 24th December.

"A Dickens Centenary," by Marjorie E. Protor. "Barnet Press," 25th December.

"At Dingley Dell: Mr. Pickwick has Plain Fare," by R. C. S. "Yorkshire Observer," 24th December.

"A Notable Centenary." "Birmingham Weekly Post," 24th December.

"*Christmas Carol* Centenary." "Notts. Guardian Weekly," 25th December.

"Circumlocution Office." "Edinburgh Evening Despatch" (Leader), 11th December.

"With Dickens in Yorkshire," by G. Bernard Frost. (illustrated). "The Lady," 6th January.

CELEBRATING THE 'FIFTH' WITH DICKENS

BY GRANVILLE GARLEY

I

"It was November still, but the last echoes of the Guy Foxes had long ceased to reverberate"; re-reading *Somebody's Luggage* the other day my attention was captured and held by this sentence. I couldn't help remembering how war inevitably reduces the minor pleasures that help to make life more bearable. Among the pleasantest of these small things temporarily lost to us is the annual colourful spectacle that used to mark the celebration of the death of a traitor.

Bonfires and guys; masks and rockets; catherine wheels and golden-rain; these have a nostalgic appeal. Why, the very writing of their names sends me back twenty years and I can still savour something of the eager anticipation with which I then awaited the fateful Fifth. Nothing in life since has quite equalled the awful suspense of awakening on the morning of Guy Fawkes Day, to wonder if the weather was going to aid, or ruin, the long-awaited happiness. More than four blacked-out years have somewhat dimmed our memories, and we are already a little hazy as to the exact physical results to be observed after lighting the blue touchpaper and retiring immediately. Of course, we have from time to time been stimulated a little in imagination by the sight of anti-aircraft shells bursting in the distant sky, but the onlooker is not usually in a very appreciative mood then. It is sad, too, to think that a generation of small children has been entirely deprived of a day in their lives comparable only to a birthday or Christmas Day. Let us hope the time of their deliverance is not far off and that, just as little Jacob Nubbles was to know what oysters meant, so may they soon know what fireworks mean.

Frederick Kitton has said, "At Chatham . . . the boy (Dickens) is described as . . . taking especial delight in Guy Fawkes festivities of the orthodox kind." He never lost that love of the November festival when he grew up and most of his books contain at least a fleeting reference to it. To glance over a few of them evokes an authentic bonfire-night atmosphere, and serves as an excellent substitute until the real thing comes along again.

II

The first thing needful is an effigy to burn. Joining the Uncommercial in a secluded corner of a churchyard, we share his delight as he "found a 'Guy' trusted to take care of himself there, while his proprietors had gone to dinner. Of the expression of his face I cannot report, because it was turned to the wall, but his rugged shoulders and his ten extended fingers, appeared to denote that he had moralised in his little straw chair on the mystery of mortality until he gave it up as a bad job." A pleasant meeting, though not one that would have appealed to Miss Kimmeens. It will be remembered she had given much anxious thought to "what a very alarming thing it would be to find somebody with a mask on like Guy Fawkes, hiding bolt upright in a corner and pretending not to be alive."

There are various characters who might in emergency make excellent guys; at least their creator pointed out their possibilities. There is Mr. F's Aunt "brought home like the fifth of November in a rush bottomed chair," and Mr. Buffle, rescued from the fire "in a chair similar to Guy Fawkes." To little Paul, Miss Blimber appeared "as a kind of learned Guy Faux, or artificial bogle, stuffed full of scholastic straw," and Sam Weller looked at Mr. Smangle with no more emotion than if that gentleman had been "a wooden statue or a straw-embowelled Guy Faux." Why even Mr. Pickwick, bless his old gaiters, appeared with his dark lantern "like a amiable Guy Fawkes"! We have sufficient there, I think, without calling upon Grandfather Smallweed, Mr. Merdle and his superfluity of coat cuff, or Uriah Heep and his great Guy Fawkes pair of gloves.

Continuing our pyrotechnical researches we find Mr. Pecksniff working on "a vast number of mathematical diagrams, of such extraordinary shapes that they looked like designs for fireworks," and Mrs. Lirriper, so obsessed with her first visit to lovely Paris, that she said she felt "as if it was beautiful fireworks being let off in my head." Next comes the bold pirate, Lieutenant-Colonel Robin Redforth (aged nine), conceiving diabolical schemes concerning

an attack with fireworks; "this, however, from motives of humanity was abandoned as too expensive." And so to David Copperfield and his observation that "conversational phrases are a sort of fireworks, easily let off, and liable to take a great variety of shapes and colours not at all suggested by their original form." We must not forget either, Jingle's celebrated and disrespectful epithet of "Old Fireworks" for Mr. Pickwick. Really rather an appropriate name for the old gentleman, subject as he was to occasional fiery outbursts and explosions.

The departure of Martin and Mark in the steamer for Eden fits nicely into our set piece here; "the sparks from the wood fire streamed upward from the two chimneys, as if the vessel was a great firework just lighted; and they roared away upon the dark water." So does the finale of the performance at the theatre in Goodman's Fields or thereabouts; "the lights were turned out while the sparks died out, and it appeared to me as if the whole play—ship, donkey, men and women, divine little creature and all—were a wonderful firework that had gone off, and left nothing but dust and darkness behind it."

III

Our celebration with Dickens of the Fifth of November, 1943, continues with three entrancing spectacles. The first is on the firework ground at Vauxhall Gardens. Here we see the place "where the white garments of Madame Somebody, who nobly devoted her life to the manufacture of fireworks, had so often been seen fluttering in the wind, as she called up a red, blue or party-coloured light to illumine her temple!" What a pity Boz was interrupted in the midst of these fascinating details, to be led astray by the crowd to a mere concert in the orchestra.

We pass, therefore, to *Nicholas Nickleby* and the product of the fertile brain of the theatrical genius who dominates his part of the story. "What do you think of a brilliant display of fireworks?" "That it would be rather expensive," replied Nicholas drily. "Eighteenpence would do it," said Mr. Crummles. "You on the top of a pair of steps with the phenomenon in an attitude; 'Farewell,' on a transparency behind; and nine people in the wings with a squib in each hand—all the dozen and a half going off at once—it would be very good—awful from the front, quite awful."

So, regretfully to the last item in our entertainment—a great display of fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo. "The show began with a tremendous discharge of cannon; and then for twenty minutes or half an hour, the whole castle was one incessant sheet of fire, and labyrinth of blazing wheels of every colour, size and speed; while rockets streamed into the sky, not by ones or twos or scores, but hundreds at a time. The concluding burst—the Girandola—was like the blowing up in the air of the whole massive castle, without smoke or dust."

An evening with Dickens can compensate for the lack of most things in life. The display of indoor fireworks he provides lasts longer in the memory than a lifetime of Novembers complete with real rockets and real crackers. Their brilliance is splendid but fugitive; his endures for ever.

NANNIE BROWN OF EDINBURGH

THE Edinburgh Branch have lost a real Dickensian in the passing of Miss Nannie Brown, an outstanding figure in the movement which led to the emancipation of women; her house in Castle Terrace was a centre of cultural activity, and her "Scott Evenings" and "Dickens Evenings" were a pre-war feature of the life of the Scottish capital. During the war the Fellowship's working party met there regularly to knit comforts for the Services.

BOMBED BRITISH CHILDREN

As a postscript to the note in the Autumn Number (1943) we are advised by the Melbourne Branch that they sent a donation of £21 10s. 6d. direct to the Lord Mayor of London's Fund in December, 1941. An earlier notification of this seems to have miscarried. This branch is continuing its good work. Some time ago they held a Patriotic Concert in aid of the Red Cross and Comforts Fund. We have not received any report of it, but from a programme we notice with interest that one item was a playlet by V. L. Trotman entitled "Royal Recognition." Mr. W. G. Southwell played the part of Dickens and Miss Irene Collier that of Queen Victoria.

EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To General Expenses—		7	16	2			
Stationery and Postages		4	15	7			
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses							
Office Expenses at Bedford		12	11	9			
General and Water Rates		26	0	0			
Lighting and Heating		16	9	9			
Insurance		5	6	7			
		12	10	6			
Less Amounts received from The Dickens Fellowship and others		72	18	7			
War Damage Act—		18	13	4			
Premiums paid under Part II							
Interest—Mortgage		30	0	0			
Loan		10	0	0			
General Repairs					40	0	0
Honorarium and Income Tax thereon					11	0	0
Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings					34	9	0
Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet					13	0	6
					143	6	2
					£306	10	11

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1942.					
LIABILITIES.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	
Mortgage on No. 49 Doughty Street		600 0 0		Freehold Property—Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street at cost	£ s. d. .. 5108 5 2
Interest accrued thereon		7 10 0	607 10 0	Furniture and Fittings, at cost, less Depreciation— <i>As at 31st December, 1941</i>	260 9 4 13 0 6
Loan from The Dickens Fellowship		550 0 0		<i>Less Depreciation</i>	247 8 10
Interest accrued thereon		10 0 0			138 12 2
Aelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift			560 0 0	Library and Museum, at cost	
Provision for Contributions payable under the War Damage Act (Part I)— <i>As at 31st December, 1941</i>		88 12 0	102 19 9	Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.— <i>As at 31st December, 1941</i>	38 9 9 1 4 0
<i>Less Instalment due 1st July, 1942</i>		22 3 0		<i>Less Sold, 1942</i>	
Balance— <i>As at 31st December, 1941</i>		4803 4 8	66 9 0	Aelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment— £188 5s. 9d. 24% Consolidated Stock at cost (Held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds)	37 5 9 102 19 9
Add Donations		40 15 0		(Market Value, 31st December, 1942, £155 6s. 9d.)	
Excess of Income over Expenditure as per above Account		143 6 2	4987 5 10	Post Office Savings Bank Deposit	566 11 1
				Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance	13 15 1
				<i>The Dickensian</i>	35 0 0
				<i>The Dickens Fellowship</i>	4 1 0
				Cash at Bank and in Hand	52 16 1 70 5 9
					£6324 4 7

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers and have also verified the Investment.

the Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We
(Signed) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS

Dr.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates		90	16	0						
Bedford Office Expenses		26	0	0						
Honorarium to Assistant Secretary and Income Tax thereon		£68	18	0						
Less Contribution by "The Dickens House"		34	9	0						
					34	9	0			
Printing and Stationery					3	6	9			
General Expenses and Postage					38	11	7			
					193	3	4			
Less Amount charged to <i>The Dickensian</i>					55	4	8			
								137	18	8
<i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Headquarters Members					57	12	9			
<i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Branch Secretaries					10	1	0			
								67	13	9
Meetings					8	1	3			
Excess of Payments over Receipts in respect of Special Functions					2	12	3			
								10	13	6
Depreciation of Library, Pictures and Furniture								4	9	5
Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet								27	6	3
								£248	1	7

CHARITABLE PURPOSES ACCOUNT

PAYMENTS		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Relief of children suffering from effects of enemy action					100	4	1
Cratchit Shelter Fund—Donations to Charities					166	2	0
Donation to Cot Fund		15	15	0			
Sundry Donations		5	5	0			
					21	0	0
Balance being unexpended balances of—							
Cratchit Shelter Fund		22	9	6			
Special Donations for children		11	14	7			
General Donations		10	11	8			
					44	15	9

£332 1 10

BALANCE SHEET

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Life Membership Fund—										
As at 31st December, 1941					351	15	0			
Subscriptions received during year					15	15	0			
								367	10	0
Special Reserve Fund								808	7	6
Costume Department—										
Balance as at 31st December, 1941					178	4	9			
Interest accrued 1942					0	17	9			
								179	2	6
Advertising Fund					75	2	10			
Dramatic Section					3	14	3			
Collectors' Circle					0	14	5			
War Comforts Fund—										
As at 31st December, 1941		12	16	6						
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income during year					0	8	3			
								12	8	3
								91	19	9
Unexpended Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes								44	15	9
Income and Expenditure Account—										
Balance at 31st December, 1941					102	16	4			
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year					27	6	3			
								130	2	7
Deduct Loss on <i>The Dickensian</i> for the year					21	10	2			
								108	12	5

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investments.

(Signed) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants, Hon. Auditors

4b Frederick's Place,
Old Jewry, London, E.C. 19th November, 1943.

£1,600 7 11

FELLOWSHIP

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1942.

Cr.

		INCOME.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
By Subscriptions—										
	Headquarters' Members	..	..	..	169	6	8			
	Branches	..	..	..	51	10	11			
	Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (<i>less</i> Tax)	..	..	..	7	1	10			
								227	19	5
„	Interest on Loan to Dickens House (gross)	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	0	0
„	Donations	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	0
„	Refund of Income Tax	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	19	2

£248 1 7

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1942.

		RECEIPTS.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
Balance—Unexpended balances of Special Donations for										
	Children—Philadelphia Donation	..	..	..	24	14	8			
	Vancouver Branch Donation	..	..	..	32	4	0			
					56	18	8			
	Cratchit Shelter Fund	..	..	..	78	15	0			
Special Donations for bombed or needy children, etc.—								135	13	8
	Vancouver Branch Donation	..	..	..	20	0	0			
	Toronto Branch Donation	..	..	..	27	0	0			
	Sundry Donations	..	..	..	8	0	0			
								55	0	0
Cratchit Shelter Fund Donations								109	16	6
General Donations—Toronto "Boz Club"	..	..	..	..	25	0	0			
	Sundry	..	..	..	1	17	2			
Interest on Investment of Special Donation	..	..	..	..	4	14	6			
								31	11	8
								£332	1	10

AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1942.

		ASSETS.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—										
	£368 6s. 6d. 4% Consolidated Stock	..	..	..	..	..	..	367	9	9
	(Market Value 31st December, 1942, £407 0s. 0d.)	..	..	..						
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—										
	£118 5s. 10d. 4% Consolidated Stock	..	..	..	..	..	..	105	0	0
	(Market value 31st December, 1942, £130 14s. 3d.)	..	..	..						
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—										
	As at 31st December, 1941	..	..	..	44	14	2			
	<i>Less</i> Depreciation at 10%	..	..	..	4	9	5			
								40	4	9
The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost								75	0	0
The Dickens House—Loan Account		..	..	..	550	0	0			
	<i>Add</i> Interest accrued thereon	..	..	..	10	0	0			
					560	0	0			
	<i>Deduct</i> Current Account	..	..	..	4	1	0			
								555	19	0
The Dickensian—Loan Account		..	..	..	42	12	11			
	<i>Deduct</i> Current Account	..	..	..	29	13	9			
								12	19	2
Income Tax recoverable		..	..	..	..	..	..	6	19	2
Rates paid in advance		..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	0
Balances at Bank—General Account		..	..	..	244	9	3			
	Costume Account	..	..	..	178	6	8			
	<i>Do.</i> Interest accrued	..	..	..	0	17	9			
Cash in hands of Hon. Secretary—								423	13	8
	General Account	..	..	..	6	15	4			
	<i>Less</i> Costume Account overdrawn	..	..	..	0	1	11			
								6	13	5
								£1,600	7	11

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

FOUNDED OCTOBER 6TH, 1902.

OPEN TO ALL

Forty Branches in the United Kingdom, nineteen in the United States, seven in Canada, four in Australia, and three in New Zealand.

President, 1939-44:

COMPTON MACKENZIE, O.B.E., LL.D.

Vice-Presidents:

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Rt. Hon. Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, K.G., F.R.S.

Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E.

Mrs. R. C. Shuckburgh
(Miss Olive Dickens).

Mrs. A. Waley
(Miss Elaine Dickens).

Miss Mary Ang la Dickens.

Dame Sybil Thorndike.

Maj-Gen. Ian Hay Belth,
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ANSWERS TO FIFTY DOUBLE QUESTIONS

(See page 35.)

1, Actor (NN); 2, Architect (MC); 3, Auctioneer (ED); 4, Banker (HT); 5, Barber (MC); 6, Broker (DS); 7, Cheap-Jack (CS); 8, Chemist (PP); 9, Detective (MC); 10, Engineer (LD); 11, Engine Driver (DS); 12, Farmer (NN); 13, Giant (CS); 14, Grocer (S by B); 15, Haberdasher (PP); 16, Hangman (BR); 17, Housekeeper (OT); 18, Jailer (BR); 19, Judge (PP); 20, Lamplighter (MC); 21, Landlady (ED); 22, Landlord (BR); 23, Law-stationer (BH); 24, Proctor (DC); 25, Locksmith (BR); 26, Magistrate (PP); 27, Messenger (TTC); 28, Merchant (DS); 29, Notary (OCS); 30, Nurse (LD); 31, Parish clerk (GE); 32, Pew-opener (DS); 33, Pilot (NN); 34, Plasterer (LD); 35, Receiver (OT); 36, Steward (OMF); 37, Sexton (PP); 38, Showman (OCS); 39, Spy (TTC); 40, Stonemason (ED); (41), Tailor (ED); 42, Thief (OT); 43, Tobacconist (LD); 44, Schoolmaster (DC); 45, Toy-maker (CB); 46, Ivory-Turner (NN); 47, Undertaker (OT); 48, Usurer; (BH); 49, Waterman (OMF); 50, Wheelwright (GE).